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# Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple



WHILE the summer schedule of tearing up streets and preparing for new sewers, gas pipes and winter-time pavements continued, Congress concluded to adjourn. The Farm Relief Bill passed the Senate with only eight opposing votes, and the House made it a landslide. While the corn and wheat were ripening under scorching June suns, President Hoover signed the Farm Relief Bill and indicated that he would like an appropriation of a little better than \$150,-

000,000, out of the half billion appropriated, to start on, which was readily agreed to. Some erstwhile cynics insist that the weather had much to do with this. The prospect of the extra session extending on through the summer in Washington was not pleasing to the average solon. They recalled how the hot days only seemed to stimulate disputations and disagreements rather than arguments. Peppery temper has resulted in seasoning a Tariff Bill that may explode at election time, consequently, the stars may rule in their courses, but old Sol had a lot to do with deciding the destiny of the extra session programmed as a prelude of the Seventy First Congress. Facing the newspapermen on Tuesdays and Friday, Cabinet days, President Hoover has systematized the conferences in a way that ensures fairly accurate news from the White House, if the regulations are enforced. He answers the written questions deliberately, thoroughly and directly, if he has the full information in hand. If not, he refers it to the proper department to obtain that in-

formation, and gives out certain statements as background, depending upon the old-time confidential relations that are seldom abused. He has made an innovation in giving the newspapermen the privilege of directly quoting him, something that is unprecedented and eliminates to some extent the phantomlike spokesman of the White House. Mark you, these quotations are taken down by a young lady stenographer sitting at his right and are given out exactly as it came from the lips of the President. An unlit cigar was lying on his desk that day with an assembly of papers, which indicated that the President enjoys his afternoons and evenings in work. He was looking fit and in fine fettle for the aggregation of problems that accumulate on the desk of the Chief Executive, making it what Secretary Foster insists is about the biggest job in the world.



Owen D. Young

SAID to relate, Grover Whalen, Police Commissioner, and chief reception officer to visiting dignitaries for the Mayor of New York, was denied the privilege of celebrating the arrival of Owen D. Young, J. P. Morgan, Thomas D. Lamont and Thomas M. Perkins on their return from Paris, regarded by the country as an all-important event. At their own request, all ceremonies had been eliminated, but the heartfelt appreciation of the nation at large is none the less articulate in its expression of gratitude. The report of these experts on Reparations and the work they accomplished at the Conference, despite all sorts of discouraging obstacles, is almost comparable in importance to the Peace Treaty itself. The genius of Mr. Young and his



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Miss Frances Ottis, neice of former  
Secretary of State Kellogg

associates for taking infinite pains and exercising angelic patience has impressed not only the people at home, but all the nations of the earth, as to the value of cool-headed, straight-forward, common sense in the adjudication of international troubles, that will result in saving billions of dollars and treasure, as well as millions of lives in adjusting and balancing the inter-relations of countries on a sound equitable and economical basis.

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WITH quick decision and a speed that set conservative heads a-wagging and a-whizzing, American Ambassador Dawes had not long been on English soil until he was ready to take up matters with premier MacDonald under the heading of unfinished business. He had arrived with his dog, underslung pipe, violin, and all the appertenances that play a part in the busy and full life of General Dawes. The landing was celebrated by the announcements of two speeches, one by the Premier and one by the American Ambassador to be delivered on Scottish soil, that might be of significance in international affairs. It had to do with the reduction of naval armament and other subjects which the British premier and the American Ambassador, as well as President Hoover, have thoroughly gone over in their own minds with each other, without even the advantage of a personal meeting or specific expression of opinion. They seem to have a way of working together with definite results as an objective that does not require the usual persiflage of diplomatic expression or an impressive stage setting.

**I**N a most characteristic manner Ruth Hanna McCormick has announced her candidacy for the Senate from Illinois, and promises to continue her career, not only as the daughter and the wife of a senator, but a United States Senator in her own right. Altogether she has had most zestful adventures in political life. She rolled up a majority as congresswoman that startled old-time political leaders, for she has a veritable machine organization throughout the state, having key women leaders in almost every election precinct. In any group Ruth Hanna McCormick is conspicuous, for she has the vivid expressive eye of her father, now flashing a smile, and now a command. She is wholeheartedly interested in her routine work in Congress and has already established herself as something more than a mere adornment filling a place on a rollcall. In other words, she has a real speaking part and can talk Tariff or Farm Relief as well as she can run dairy

liament, and his daughter, herself a political leader of considerable consequence, he proceeded to give a greeting to the United States and the world at large through the Movietone. The suggestion of his visiting President Hoover in the United States caused some consternation among the conservative Britons, but it has long ago been known that Ramsey MacDonald is not governed by precedent or what people may think of what he does if the result can be accomplished. His first great purpose is to find employment for his fellow citizens, for he insists that his party was born from the hearts and needs of the people and that its program is based on the problems of the home.

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**T**HE address of Secretary James W. Good at the anniversary held in Ripon, Wisconsin, celebrating the birth of the Republican Party has attracted a great deal of attention in spite of the dramatic interposition of a dry raid on this occasion. The exercises were held in front of the little white school house in which it was claimed that the Republican Party was born and christened March 20, 1854. The little cottage had been removed to the natural amphitheatre on the campus of Ripon College, where twenty thousand people looked upon the colorful pageant, entitled "A New Birth of Freedom," and heard the address of the Secretary of War. The Governor and Legislature of Wisconsin were present in full force, led by the two-ton circus elephant, Sambo, imported from What Cheer, Iowa, and renamed Ripon, symbolizing the insignia of the Grand Old Party.

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Harris &amp; Ewing

Hashem Nourdad, First Secretary  
of the Persian Legation in  
Washington

farms, publish newspapers, and enjoy her children on a real mother excursion. Her Sunday night suppers in Washington are the nearest approach to a salon that has been known in Washington for many years, and has helped to make historic old Georgetown still more famous.

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**T**HE reappearance of J. Ramsay MacDonald as Premier of Great Britain, followed a notable campaign, in which all the later arts and whiles of modern politics were utilized. His virility has not waned since 1923, when he made his exit from 10 Downing Street with very little change of countenance than when he re-entered in 1929. His Cabinet was formed with little delay and after the honeymoon days of congratulations with his son, a member of Par-



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Mr. Lewis Einstein, United States  
Minister to Czechoslovakia

WHEN Senator Borah's resolution to restrict the debate on the Tariff Bill to agricultural subjects failed to pass the Senate—it suggested that it was time another story was appearing concerning the ubiquitous Idaho Senator which was not associated with apples or big potatoes. One day he left the floor of the Senate rather suddenly. A live wire newspaperman like all his associates, watches keenly every movement of the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, and was soon on his trail. It seems that during the morning Senator Borah had been enjoying his equestrian tour through Rock Creek Park on the back of his favorite mount. The horse stumbled several times—was not acting his part as good-humoredly as is demanded under the rules of senatorial courtesy. The result is that Mr. Horse got a thorough whipping and doubtless returned to the stable meek and humble with his feelings hurt. Senator Borah's mission was to leave his work and go to the horse in the stable and feed him some sugar and make amends for the sound thrashing he had given Mr. Dobbin that morning. The reporter found the senator giving his horse the sugar and talking to him in an amiable and conciliatory mood, indicating that that Peace Pact was signed.

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**I**N the delightful summer retreat at Kennebunk, Maine, Booth Tarkington completed his latest story. It throws a brilliant light into the inmost souls of two married couples and has an atmosphere and a treatment that marks Tarkington as a pre-eminent master of fiction. It is to be hoped that many more will follow, for the satire of the Tark-

ton stories hits the target every time. He has run the gamut of human existence in his characters, extending from Penrod and Seventeen, on to characters of ripe maturity. There are discourses on philosophy and art in this latest book, "Young Mrs. Greeley and Her Husband" which indicates that Booth Tarkington is not going to recognize the passing of the art of conversation. We are left concerned as to what happened to the unfortunate Mr. and Mrs. William Hedge, while the husband's spirit needed no chastening, there is a feeling that Aurelia deserved all the punishment that could come to her. We always feel in reading a Tarkington book that we want him to go on and



Daniel J. O'Brien, Manager of the Mayflower Hotel, Washington

go on with his story, so we'll look for a sequel to "Young Mrs. Greeley and Her Husband" in his next novel or the next or the next. More power and unlimited years of usefulness for Booth Tarkington's pen is but the echo of the good wishes of his readers.

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**C**OMPLYING with an ancient, courteous custom the diplomatic corps remain in Washington until the President leaves. Ostensibly the embassies and legislations are running full time, although the hot weather has driven many of them to their summer retreats. The extra session of Congress occasioned a mid-summer activity in Washington that suggested the hectic war days. Among the legations, Senor Gonzalo Zaldumbide is the first minister to represent Ecuador in five



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Miss Florence Trumbull, daughter of the Governor of Connecticut and fiancee of John Coolidge

years, as the official matters have been handled by a sort of perennial charge d'affaires. Senor Zaldumbide is not only an eminent diplomat, but one of the foremost scholars of Ecuador. His home presided over by Madame Gonzalo Zaldumbide has become a literary salon. The minister has been busy editing the works of Juan Montalvo, one of the most celebrated authors that the Republic has ever produced. Minister Zaldumbide took up diplomatic work shortly after his graduation from the venerable University of St. Tomas, now christened the Central University of Ecuador. After making a record in Peru in the diplomatic service, he was sent to Paris and five years ago won the rank of Minister from Ecuador to France. He had much to do with maintaining an Ecuadorian Chamber of Commerce in the French Capital to assist in disposing of the mammoth crops of sugar and cotton of his country. Madame Zaldumbide is the daughter of Dr. Benjamin Rosales Pareja who is president of this Chamber of Commerce. She was born and educated in Paris and is accounted one of the most accomplished of the hostesses in the diplomatic circle in Washington.

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**T**HERE is something impressive in that name Einstein in these days when so much attention is given to the master scientist who has developed and to a large extent established among savants his theory of the relativity of matter. Mr. Lewis Einstein, American born, is the United States minister to Czechoslovakia and spent considerable time in Washington the past year gathering details and information for making a record as American representative in that new Republic.



Harris & Ewing  
Mrs. Johannes A. L. Van Den Bosch



*Miss Rachael Davies,  
daughter of Mr. and  
Mrs. Joseph W. Davies*

cences of war times were indulged in when we sat in the Mayflower Lobby and saw his beautiful young daughter, a debutante of the season, pass by. There were other debutantes that helped to make the season notable. Among them Miss Jane Love who was a luncheon hostess at the time and Miss Adair Childress, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Childress, who was also presented to society in the eventful year of 1929. It is interesting to note how the social limelight shifts with the coming and going of political position. The relatives of an official in power always seem to count more than one who is related to an ex or a former official. At the same time a great many of these young people establish their rights to distinction so firmly that the political fortunes of their official relatives have little to do with the maintenance of their position in society. The niece of Secretary Kellogg, Miss Frances Ottis, who visited her distinguished uncle during the time that he remained over in the Hoover Cabinet, is one of the young ladies who made many lifelong friends in the capital during her short residence. The Nobel Prize given to Secretary Kellogg and the signing of the Peace Pact will remain an outstanding event associated with his long, busy and useful career in the Federal Service.

**D**URING the Wilson Administration there were few officials more vigilant and competent than Joseph W. Davies, who served as chairman of the Federal Commission and who his friends feel should have been a member of President Wilson's cabinet. He had been active for some years in Wisconsin politics and had much to do with swinging the state in the Wilson column in the Baltimore convention. Reminis-

**W**HAT memories of Teheran, the capital of Persia, and old Bagdad, situated in the neighboring country of Iraq, were awakened when I met in the corridors of the Mayflower, Hashem Nourdad, First Secretary of the Persian Legation. He was then reading a Persian paper which brought back memories when I was trying to decipher the language in newspapers at the tomb of Omar Khayyam at Nishapur. It reads from right to left and it is amazing with what rapidity he could read this ancient language in reverse gear and never miss a punctuation mark.

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**T**HE month of June rivets attention on brides and bridegrooms in Washington. The procession begins early and continues late. They are always evidenced by the fact that there are new valises, new hatboxes, new dresses, new haircuts, everything that goes with the appearances suggesting a newly-wed couple. Miss Florence Trumbull, the daughter of the flying governor of Connecticut, and fiancee of John Coolidge, son of former President Coolidge, is now able to visit Washington without attracting as much attention as she did when she made her first visit to the capital after the announcement, when the eyes of the curious followed the vivacious young Connecticut girl wherever she appeared.



*Harris & Ewing  
Miss Adair Childress  
of Washington*



*Hon. Dwight Morrow,  
American Ambassador  
to Mexico.*

**D**ESPITE the disasters reported in the newspapers nearly every day, aviation is proceeding by leaps and bounds. The Government courses have been a Godsend in providing trained pilots and doubt-

less saves many lives in insisting on thorough training before a pupil is permitted to try his wings alone in the air. The record in Texas of two young men remaining in the air for a solid week indicates that the infinitude of space in the heavens above may be the habitation of human beings in the future, so that the average aviator with a helicopter plane may gyrate straight up in the air for a cool breeze from his roof when it becomes too warm on earth. There may be such a thing that real estate men will plot out lots on the clouds above for the sweltering denizens of earth. A flight across the Atlantic does not seem to occasion any more comment than Aunt Samantha's visit to the country seat did forty years ago. The world is certainly moving upward these days as well as forward, as indicated by the marvelous records that are accumulating thick and fast in the aviation departments of the Army and Navy at Washington.

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THE coming social season promises to be one of the most active that has been witnessed in the National Capital for many years. The various social circles are recruited from many visitors from abroad who spend their winters in Washington. Among them is Mrs. Johannes A. L. Van Den Bosch, formerly of Washington, who now

among those present were many eminent citizens whose interest was awakened in a movement that will call for drastic and energetic work. The meeting was under the auspices of the Women's National Crime Prevention League, organized by Mrs. Alfred Nicholson, the wife of a retired minister. She already has perfected five borough organizations and laid the groundwork for national expansion. Colonel Herman A. Metz is permanent chairman of the league, whose membership seems to embrace as many men as women. Among prominent persons at the meeting were August Hecksher, former Governor William Sulzer, Colonel Walter Scott and George S. Dougherty.

Mr. Enright's address held the riveted attention of the large audience for over an hour. He insisted that American police departments are generally undermanned and far below the standards prevailing in all the other great capitals of the world, and recommended an immediate tightening of discipline. This he would follow by more

effective legislation, as the existence of nearly 100,000 laws in the United States governing human conduct is itself the crime of crimes. Mr. Enright also advocated a system whereby a criminal not only would be punished, but in which his efforts would be bent toward restoring to whom he had injured and the State, the losses incurred by his misdeeds. The third



Harris & Ewing  
Miss Jane Love

Harris & Ewing  
Mme. Edgar  
Prochnik

Harris & Ewing  
Mme. Gonzalo  
Zaldumbide



makes her home in Holland, but feels that the year is not complete without participating in the festivities and functions associated with memories of her early life.

THE organization of President Hoover's Crime Commission under the chairmanship of former Attorney-General George W. Wickersham is already at work. The enforcement of Prohibition will be given immediate attention to eliminate the killings that have resulted from the desperation of the rumrunners and bootleggers as well as the abnormal inclination of some dry agents to use their pistols. It may result in disarming the government officials, but will sharpen the teeth of the penalties imposed under the Jones Law. Richard E. Enright, for eight years Police Commissioner of New York during wartimes, has just returned from a trip to Europe, arranging for the International Police Conference. He made a notable address at the Town Hall in New York during the month on "Crime—The Nation's Peril," paying a high tribute to President Hoover as the first president who had ever called special attention to the appalling situation. Mr. Hoover's address to the newspaper publishers in New York has keynoted a movement for the prevention and the reduction of crime. The gathering in New York was like an old-fashioned town meeting, for

broad recommendation by the speaker was that the Federal Government assume some such control over the sale of firearms as New York State exercises through the Sullivan law.

READY the pioneer air planes have begun to look as much out of date as the automobiles built in the early days. The picture of the aviator ten years ago, pioneering and charting the skylanes has almost become historic. It will be looked upon by future generations as we now look upon the early examples of railroad and steamboat equipment, or the high-wheeled bicycle and the one-lunged automobile that seemed to propel itself by blowing up in easy stages. The chug-chug and groan of the airplane overhead is no longer sufficient to make people look upward, any more than old Dobbin will now regard the vast flying express that whizzes by the pasture fence. Governor Larson of New Jersey recently had the roof of his home unceremoniously broken into by a falling airplane, which has brought to the fore the question of insurance against airplanes aloft. The thousands of airplanes being manufactured every week will soon be filling the skies with these modern dragon flies that have already so effectively annihilated time and space, until a trip across the continent or overseas may be scheduled as a part and parcel of a week-end trip.

ONE of the popular hostesses in the diplomatic circles is Mme. Edgar Prochnik, an American girl who cast her fortunes with the young man who has become the popular Minister of Austria in the United States. Her receptions, while maintaining the atmosphere of Austrian customs and traditions, have a tinge of Americanism in the welcomes that have made this legation very popular among the younger social set.



J. Ramsay MacDonald

Ambassador Charles G. Dawes

**I**N June I made a pilgrimage to Washington to witness the Flag Day exercises held on the steps of the Capitol where I had witnessed Garfield's inauguration. What a flood tide of memories the orations delivered by the boys and girls awakened. They were just about the age when I was trying my wings on Patrick Henry's address "Give me Liberty or give me Death."

The Marine Band in the foreground with the mass of flags, trooping of the colors, marines and navy boys in the background, was a thrilling setting. Lights streamed through the windows of the great dome, nestling in a sea of bright lights, while the pale moon above challenged for the franchise of the skies, as it roofed this gathering of children on the steps of the Capitol, laughing and cheering. The young voices made the old dome ring with patriotic airs, under the direction of Major General Clem, the drummer boy at the Battle of Chicamaugua, where Garfield won his fame as a soldier.

Every time I visit the Pan-American Building, the rhythmic beauty and heartfelt eloquence of James G. Blaine's tribute to Garfield comes to mind. I also think of the master ideal which he initiated in his Latin-American policies which resulted in the construction of this beautiful palace dedicated to the friendly understanding that exists between nations of the Western Hemisphere. The words of this oratorical classic by Blaine give a vivid picture of Garfield's brief career as President of the United States:

"Garfield, great in life, was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death—and he did not quail. Not alone for one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, with clear sight and calm courage he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell—what brilliant, broken plans, what baffled, high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendship, what bitter rending of sweet household ties!"

"And his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the center

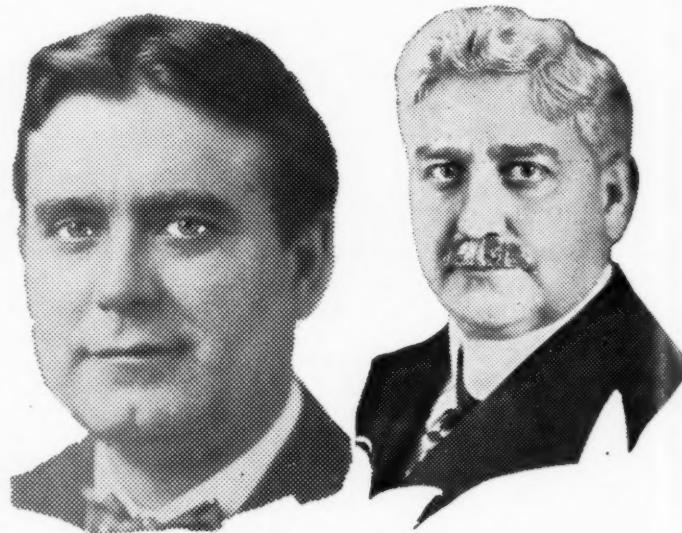
of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine-press alone.

"As the end drew near his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from the White House prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of the heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With a wan, fevered face, tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the star. Let us think that his dimming eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and departing soul may know. In the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning."

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**T**HE Convention of the National Electric Light Association held in Atlantic City this month, celebrated the Golden Anniversary of Edison's gift to the world—the incandescent lamp in 1879. The delegates from all over the country were the liveliest lot of illuminators I ever met. They knew their kilowatts. The famous boardwalk was ablaze with clusters of golden grapes and fountains played in all the colors of the rainbow, while electric light signs walked blazingly in front of you in this brilliant pageant of Jubilee light. The new Auditorium with its vaulted ceiling had a thousand huge electric eyes and a constellation illuminated the exhibit marking the progress of Electricity in the fifty years since Edison rubbed the Aladdin lamp and fulfilled the scriptural injunction "Let there be light." And there was light.

In the ball room of the Auditorium I was again face to face and hearing the voice of Thomas Edison giving his greetings to his fellow workers in the electrical in-



U. S. Senator William E. Borah

Richard E. Enright

dustry that sprang up like magic rocks of Camaralzaman in Arabian Nights. True, Mr. Edison was at that moment in Florida, fifteen hundred miles away, but the movietone provided the great audience with a real visit with the wizard, hard at work in his eighty-second year, solving the problem of rubber production in the U. S. A. for our motor cars as the wings of modern Mercury.

WHEN it comes to Economics Dr. Richard T. Ely, Director of the Institute for Research in Land Economics at Northwestern University, Chicago is regarded as an authority absolute. It was interesting in this



Governor Morgan F. Larson of New Jersey

connection when he gave me as his favorite heart throb quotation an excerpt from a statement by Owen D. Young.

"Facts can be applied in any field. Our curse is ignorance. Facts are our scarcest raw material. This is shown by the economy with which we use them. One has to dip deep for them, because they are as difficult to get as they are precious to have. . . .

"I shall be happy if we can substitute the calm findings of the investigator for the blantant explosions of the politicians."

It is not to be wondered that an authority on Economics like Dr. Ely should find a heart thrill in expressions from a man of Owen D. Young's practical vision.

Dr. Ely continued his comments by other pertinent quotations.

"Does this sound hard-boiled? Does a man who

exalts facts lack sentiment? One might compare what Owen D. Young says about facts with what Dickens says in his 'Hard Times.' Gradgrind says of himself this: 'Now what I want is Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts: nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to Facts, sir!'

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"Dickens goes on to say that Thomas Gradgrind always pictured himself in these terms:

"Thomas Gradgrind, sir. A man of realities. A man of facts and calculations. A man who proceeds upon the principle that two and two are four, and nothing over, and who is not to be talked into allowing for anything over. Thomas Gradgrind, sir—peremptorily Thomas—Thomas Gradgrind. With a rule and pair of scales, and the multiplication table always in his pocket, sir, ready to weigh and measure any parcel of human nature, and tell you exactly what it comes to. It is a mere question of figures, a case of simple arithmetic. You might hope to get some other nonsensical belief into the head of George Gradgrind, or Augustus Gradgrind, or John Gradgrind,

"Dickens does not describe accurately any system of economics that ever existed; but he does describe in the exaggeration of caricature conclusions upon which practical men acted to too great an extent in the era before Economics had not been so humanized as it is at present. He tells us about a young man who, finding that his widowed mother had a right of settlement in Coketown, asserted this right for her with such 'steadfast adherence to the principle of the case that she had been shut up in the workhouse ever since.' He adds this illustration of Economics based upon facts:

"It must be admitted that he allowed her half a pound of tea a year, which was weak in him; first, because all gifts have an inevitable tendency to pauperize the recipient, and secondly, because his only reasonable transaction in that commodity would have been to buy it for as little as he could possibly give, and sell it for as much as he could possibly get; it having been clearly ascertained by philosophers that in this is comprised



Thomas W. Lamont

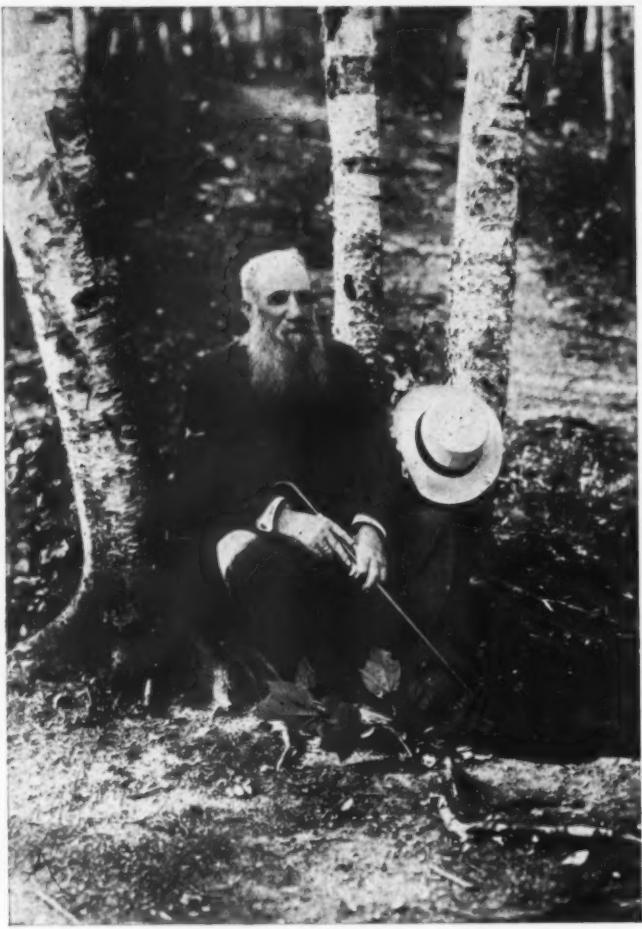
or Joseph Grandgrind (all supposititious, nonexistent persons), but in the head of Thomas Gradgrind—no, sir!"



Booth Tarkington

the whole duty of man—not a part of man's duty, but the whole.'

"We have two controversy presentations of facts; but Thomas Gradgrind and his kind are really blind, seeing only a few facts and not seeing them as they are. Owen D. Young sees facts and his facts are the basis of a useful life and the basis of



*The late Edward P. Ricker of Poland Spring fame*

real improvement in our conditions in this country.

"We find the same words used; but we find two different meanings in Dickens and Owen D. Young. Dickens is describing the remorseless employer who is governed by what used to be thought the laws of Political Economy. Facts to Gradgrind meant getting the utmost from his workers and giving the least. Any desire to improve their lot, any sincere sympathy shown to them, any extension of the helping hand was an expression of sentiment and opposed to the facts of the world."

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**F**EW addresses delivered during the Commencement season attracted more attention than that of Owen D. Young, who hurried home on the day the Conference agreement was signed in Paris. It was facetiously remarked that the delegates agreed that they must speed up in order that the distinguished chairman could attend two events that were of great personal importance to him. The ink was scarcely dry on this historic document when he was enabled to sail that day and reach Cleveland on the fifteenth of June when his son was to be married and Hamilton College on June seventeenth, where he was given a degree in the presence of the distinguished statesman alumnus of the college, Elihu Root.

In his address on this auspicious seventeenth of June, Mr. Young struck a refreshing and inspiring note in modern education that deeply impressed not only the youth of the country, but those who have lived through the stirring days of the past half century.

"In this day when we hear so much about vocational education, when there are so many youngsters who can do things well, and better than anyone else, when they are so highly specialized, I am very glad to find groups who are more generalized. And I congratulate you on your kind of an education and I commend to you young men that you become specialists in generalization.

Our limitation is men to lead and that is the only limitation which we have in the extension of this business throughout the world—not the specialist, but the man who is capable of leadership. It may be worth more in learning a great industry in a foreign country to know something of history, the arts, and the languages than to know about physics and chemistry.

And so I commend to you young men this general notion of leadership in generalization. You have a good foundation. But I do not commend it to those of you who have such highly specialized gifts or tastes that you should try to abandon them and do something that you are not qualified to do. And I do not commend it to those of you who think that to become a specialist in generalization is an easy task where you do not have to know much about anything. I do not need to commend it to you from the standpoint that you must know the large essentials, that you must believe in human beings everywhere, and that you must have capacity to get their support and cooperation, for without it you can do nothing. And I commend to you also the notion of not being envious of the men ahead of you or afraid of the men behind you. That ruins more young men than anything else that I know. They say, 'All the good places are filled. See this man. He is going to stay there forever, and what is the use of my trying?' Or as men get older, they say, 'Let's look out about advancing him too rapidly, for his head may get swelled and he may be valuable to us no longer.' Unfortunate, both points of view. The only thing that you men have to do is to hold your place in your own generation. Hold your place among your contemporaries. Never mind the men ahead of you and never be afraid of the men behind you. If you have good men, bring them forward as fast as you can and they will help you. But hold your place among your own group. The matter of precedence, the great wheel, will take care of itself. And the day comes when your generation inevitably takes control, and, when it does, the men who take control will be the men who have made their places in competition with each other, not in competition with the men ahead and not in competition with the men behind. And so you men may welcome not only this class of 1929 in Hamilton but the class of 1929 in all colleges, and your job is to hold your place in that great group of 1929. Keep your eye on the ball and then you will not find the world so cold. You will find it sympathetic above and below; but if you try to move out of your time into another generation, then you will find the world a little cold."

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**T**HE passing of Edward P. Ricker of Poland Springs recalls the stirring days of an eventful epoch. The three brothers of the widely known Ricker family, whose ancestors several generations ago made their way into the primeval Maine wilderness and built a log cabin near a spring, have been figures in national affairs. His father H. M. Ricker was the first of the family to utilize a spring celebrated among the Indians for its purity and inspiring aboriginal legends. There was no other white man's dwelling nearby through the pathless woods. Wandering trappers and traders among the Indians began to seek shelter at the hospitable Ricker cabin. Every day and every night for years reaching into the centuries the traveler found a welcome at this retreat famed for having a health-giving spring. With his brothers, H. W., and A. P. Ricker, continued on by their sons, E. P. Ricker, established the now world-famous Poland Spring House near the old Ricker tavern now known as the Mansion House. The setting was superb, for in the foreground were the White Mountains and it was not long until men of national reputation gathered here for summer recreation. Among them was James G. Blaine, Vice-President Hobart and nearly all the presidents from the time of Garfield. Since that time, generations of fathers and mothers, even on to granddaughters and grandsons have gathered here with a feeling that it was their very own home. The Rickers as hosts followed the suggestion of their guests in the development, so that each one had a personal interest in some part or portion of the Poland Spring estate. The building built by the State of Maine for the World's Fair, Chicago, was moved here, and made into a library, one of the best in the State of Maine. In all these busy and stirring days, E. P. Ricker, with long patriarchal whiskers and genial manner, was a host of hosts; for even hotel men looked upon the Ricker Hotels as approximate perfection among American hostelleries. Sitting under a group of beloved Maine birch trees or wandering among the refreshing primeval woods, E. P. Ricker was a real poet, for he loved nature as well as human nature, and added much to the sum total of human happiness during his eventful career.

# Favorite "Heart Throbs" of Famous People

*An Interesting array of "Heart Throbs" favorites chosen by eminent personages—The story of the poem or bit of verse or prose that has touched their hearts and is still associated with tender and cherished memories*

*From the new book "Famous Heart Throbs of Famous People"*

## ZANE GREY

*The Eminent Author of Stirring American Adventure Stories Sends in his Heart Throbs on his Return from the South Seas*

With the brown tan from Pacific winds upon his face, Zane Grey returned in April days from the South Seas. There was the same go-glint of adventure in his eyes as when I had seen him encamped on the Painted Desert of Arizona gathering material for his epic yarns that resound with poetic sentiment, and are closely attuned to nature.

With that frank and open expression characteristic of this popular author, he replied to my query with "I cannot honestly say that any one particular poem or bit of prose is my one and only favorite, as so many poems are inspiring and helpful to me. However," he continued with a smile (you know there is always a "however" when you change your mind or are sparing for time), I am particularly fond of Wordsworth's lines,

"The world is too much with us; late and soon  
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers;  
Little we see in nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away,—a sordid boon!  
This sea that bears her bosom to the moon  
The winds that will be howling at all hours  
And are up gathered now, like sleeping flowers;  
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;  
It moves us not. Great God I'd rather be  
A pagan suckling in a creed outworn  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn!"

"Then there is Mathew Arnold's 'Self-Dependence' and 'Dover Beach' that always seem to have the right ring on any and all occasions."

At this very time I fancy there was mulling in his brain a stirring adventure story that will thrill his readers young and old, for where is there a red-blooded American who has not been fascinated by the magic pen of the author born in Zanesville, Ohio. That is perhaps where he got his first name of Zane. He was born on the last day of January in 1875.

Graduated from high school he dreamed of a career as a famous dentist. He secured a D.D.S. at the University of Pennsylvania and also an M.L. in 1896 and proceeded to extract a literary reputation. A list of his books from "The Spirit of the Border" published in 1905 on to "Forlorn River" in 1927 and the later books is a veritable library in

itself of fiction dealing with adventure and the West. It is doubted whether any history of the West could be written without reference to many of the incidents and scenes which he has so vividly portrayed in the fifty odd books bearing his name. His home is at Altadena, California, where with his family he enjoys life to the full, but still insists on making journeys far afield to commune and glimpse the glories of nature first hand and in her most fascinating moods. The boys of today studying geography can determine locations on the map more readily by Zane Grey's novels than by the text in the books. This is particularly true since many have been picturized.

\* \* \*

CORRA HARRIS

*The Fascinating Author Declares That Poetry Has Been Ritual With Her for Many Years*

"Yes, I have made a sort of ceremony of poetry," Corra Harris said, when I asked her to give me her favorite verse, "I have chosen from many authors and read that ritual a thousand times without making a change in thirty years."

All who find a joy in literature have more than one favorite and making a choice is like naming one star alone in the firmament.

"If I am reduced to the poverty of only one favorite," said Mrs. Harris, it would be the ninetieth psalm,—

"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.  
Before the mountains were brought forth, or even thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God."

Few authors have more surely expressed individuality through creative work than Corra Harris. Rightly or wrongly, the reader gains the impression that he catches life-like glimpses of the writer, and feels that the author must have experienced the delights in nature or possess the characteristics and emotions she describes. This is particularly true of her girlhood stories.

In the romantic environment of Farm Hill, Georgia, Corra Harris was born and still makes her home "In the Valley" at Rydal, where she thoroughly understands southern life and adequately interprets it. Educated at home she has received degrees from Rollins College and the University of her native state.

"Brass Town Valley Stories" won immediate distinction and also her contribu-

tions to the *American Magazine* and other periodicals. With sure touch the author has prolonged her efforts to a permanence between covers and "Eve's Second Husband," "Recording Angel," "My Book and Heart" and "As a Woman Thinks" followed her serials in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Pictorial Review*, and *Saturday Evening Post*. The Motion Picture also offered a field for special writing.

"Among the writings that have nourished my mind and spirit," Mrs. Harris tells me, "I name 'Ode to a Grecian Urn' and in prose the first chapter of *Genesis*. Many have chosen that masterpiece of Keats,—

"Thou still unravished bride of quietness  
Thou foster-child of silence and slow Time  
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme.

What leaf-fringed legends haunts about thy shape  
Of dieties or mortals or of both?  
In Temple or the dales of Arcady?  
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth  
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?  
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstacy?  
\* \* \*

Cold pastoral,  
When old age shall this generation waste  
Thou shalt remain in midst of other woe  
Than ours; a friend to man to whom thou sayest  
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty" that is all  
Ye know on earth and all ye need to know."

\* \* \*

W. T. RICH

*The President of Chase and Sanborn Company finds a Heart Flower in an old Hymn*

When the young lad from Cape Cod came to Boston to begin a business career he carried with him the memory of his mother's favorite hymn. In all the struggles of getting started, applying all his native business ability to his work, he never drifted from the moorings of a Christian mother's training. His time and money were always ready to help on with church work and institutions looking towards the betterment of human life. In his home at Newton he was always ready for any duty of a civic nature or in church matters. He became a trustee of the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn. and was an active factor in the later success which has come to that institution—although he will modestly deny that he has done anything more than should be expected of him.

In a chat concerning his favorite poem, he took off his glasses and began reflectively:

"You know my favorite may not be considered a poem. It is a simple hymn which my mother loved and I never hear it without a throb of tender memory. It was written by Charles Wesley and has been sung and felt by millions—and continues to have a hold on me that nothing else in literature possesses, for it expresses the longing and consolation that touches the depths of the heart:

Jesus, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound;  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the Fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee;  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

The lines of the hymn have a wide appeal and especially is this true in connection with the old hymn that was titled "Refuge" which everyone could sing. I once heard the words repeated in a smoking car, where it changed the whole atmosphere of the room and the rough talk when the one who sang it did so as a challenge to a sneer at old hymns, simply announcing as a prelude—"This was my mother's favorite hymn."

#### ROSE ZULALIAN

*The Gifted Armenian Singer in the Metropolitan Finds her Heart Throb in a bit of verse Written by an Armenian Girl*

When I hear the golden, emotional voice of Rose Zulalian, thrilling a great audience, I realize that her depth of feeling for her country Armenia is the reason for her selection of a favorite poem.

"The 'Lullaby for Mother Armenia' by A. Tchobanian and translated by Alice Stone Blackwell well describes the suffering and the great faith of my nation," said Mme. Zulalian and her glowing dark eyes reflected her emotion. "Nothing has ever robbed Armenia of her Christian faith which has kept her people through generations of oppression."

Rose Zulalian came to this country when she was a small child; she has been educated in American schools and has studied under American born music teachers but she has never lost her veneration for the home of her ancestors. She is the devoted mother of three beautiful children but she finds time for her concert engagements, operatic appearances, frequent radio broadcasting, her studies and occasional tours. She has sung "The Star-Spangled Banner" for both presidential candidates and what critics have called her "golden voice" has been heard in all

the large auditoriums of the country.

Her favorite verse has been successfully set to music and when Mme. Zulalian sings the lines

"And yet, amidst destructive forces vast  
Thy soul was kind and fruitful in all worth  
Thou to the world didst add a flower of life  
Thy fingers drew forth beauty from the earth."

she seems to pour forth the very soulful pleading of her nation.

Much credit is due Alice Stone Blackwell for her intelligent translation of Tchobanian's lofty poem.

All naked at the crossroads thou dost sit  
The snow descends and clings along thine hair  
Dark wounds are in thy flesh; thine eyes have grown  
As red as lakes of blood, in thy despair.

The ancient Mother thou, of age-long griefs;  
Misfortune round thy heart its chain hath laid  
In countless rings; black winds have smitten thee,  
And heavy shadows on thy life have weighed.

Thou shalt come forth triumphant from these shades;  
Stars shall thine eyes become, and sparkle bright;  
Thy wounds to radiant roses shall be changed,  
And from thy whitened hair shall spring forth light.  
Thou at the opening of the ways shalt stand,  
And break the bonds that held thee down in gloom.  
O Mother, rise! thy pains were childbirth pangs;  
It is a world that stirs within thy womb!

Rose Zulalian was born in one of the suburbs of the Armenian port of Diarbackir, and her early childhood days were spent close to the family scenes in the Levant where her father was employed as an architect by the Turkish government. In the zenith of his success he found the opposition that usually follows a full flower of genius which made his escape to America amid great hardships an adventure that lies close to the heart of Rose Zulalian. Her race was subjected for centuries by the tyrannic Turk. Like the pure lotus blossom, genius has bloomed radiant and supreme in the much and weeds of oppression, reflecting a virility that could not be denied.

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#### RALPH FLANDERS

*The Manager of the New England Conservatory at Boston Finds an Enduring Melody in the Lines of Gray's Elegy*

Every city, town, village and hamlet in the United States seems to have some one in their midst that has studied music at the New England Conservatory of Music. It is a recognized distinction. It has become the largest institution of its kind in the world, and done much to maintain the prestige of Boston, the culture center of the nation. In the beginning there were struggles that seemed to indicate the impossibility of maintaining a conservatory of the character planned by its founder, without the aid of public funds or a tremendous endowment.

Along came a young man in these critical days who although not a musician had

native business instinct of a Yankee lad born in Carol, Maine on the first day of August in 1869. His name was Ralph Flanders. Early in life he made a trip to the great out West and studied his geography at first hand. At the age of nineteen he accepted a position in a wholesale tobacco store in Bangor with the suggestion that he be permitted to travel, sell goods and see the country. Later he was a member of the firm and had his name added to that of his employer—reading in gilt letters on the building "Savage, Flanders & Company."

This field did not seem broad enough for him and he came to Boston as assistant manager of the New England Conservatory of Music. Four years afterwards, January 1st, 1903, he became General Manager and the enrollment has increased from nineteen hundred to over six thousand. He was manager of the Boston Opera Company and has given the Conservatory an effective executive business management. This, together with such musical directors as George W. Chadwick, Mr. G. F. Goodrich and F. T. Converse and other eminent composers and musicians on the staff of instructors has occasioned the institution to leap to the fore rank. Among the pupils who have attended this Conservatory are Madam Lillian Nordica, Madame Homer, Geraldine Farrar, Walter Hays and a large number of eminent stars in the Operatic constellation and musical world.

Attending to the management and details of six thousand young people studying music is something more than a mere business proposition. There is a psychology dealing with "temperament" that would have driven many an impressario to distraction. In his office dispatching details, rapidly and with the rhythm and grace of a musical score he took the pen from behind his ear and jotted down the opening lines of his favorite poem. It was Gray's Elegy. When he had passed the slip of paper to me with the remark, "There is something about that poem that seems to encompass all other poems. I committed the lines to memory when a small lad and they seem to sing themselves to me over and over again in endless refrain when I think of poetry."

"It has been amazing to me that someone has not written a grand opera incorporating the sweeping thought and emotions inspired by the lines written in a church yard that seem to tell the whole story of human existence—and beyond."

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?  
Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
Hands that the rod of empire might have  
sway'd,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;  
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

## DR. ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

*The Former Editor of The Century Magazine has Many Favorites Among the Poets*

The cold, brief outline of a life devoted to creative work and expression through the written word, gives only glimpses. The achievements are mere sign-posts or memorials set up. One must look deeper to understand the quality of mind from which such things emanate.

The name of Robert Underwood Johnson has been a familiar one through the pages of magazines and upon the covers of books. Succeeding Watson Gilder as editor of *The Century*, Mr. Johnson came into intimate contact with the most artistic people, as Ambassador to Italy he created pleasant relations and understandings with the United States and that country and was given an important decoration by the King, Emanuel. He was the originator of the Memorial to Keats and to Shelly in Rome. Other important gestures were the creation of the *Century War Series*, the *Inducement of the Century War Series*, the inducement of his help in creating the *Yosemite National Park*.

Mr. Johnson was born in Washington in 1853 and added to his training at Earlton, Ind., the deserved degree of Honorable Ph.D. at Yale. He is at present the Director of the *Hall of Fame* in New York University. This position is in itself a tribute to his discriminating taste.

Characteristic of his humor was his answer when I asked for his favorite Heart throb. He said, "I have borrowed a stethoscope from my physician to try to discover what is my favorite heart throb as to poetry and verse and I find so many conflicting throbs that I cannot detect anything definite."

We are indebted, however, to the editor and author for recalling to mind the beauties of Burns' "Had We Never Loved So Kindly," to Keats' "In a Drear-nighted December," to Landor's "Rose Aylmar" but especially to the gentle simplicity and quiet yearning in Wordsworth's poem that lamented Lucy.

"She dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A maid whom there were none to praise  
And very few to love.  
A violet by a mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye!  
Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.  
She lived unknown and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be  
But she is in her grave, and oh,  
The difference to me!"

In a tribute to England, there is still reflected the love of Wordsworth's Lucy.

"Among thy mountains did I feel  
The joy of my desire  
And she I cherished turned a wheel  
Beside an English fire.

Thy morning's showed, thy nights concealed  
The bowers where Lucy played  
And thine is too, the last green field  
That Lucy's eyes surveyed."

## S. A. PERKINS

*The Publisher From the State of Washington Declares "War Mothers" A Real Heart Throb*

It often happens that a poem becomes a favorite through its association with a stirring event in one's life or because it reflects emotions we have experienced.

When I asked S. A. Perkins, publisher, of Tacoma for his favorite poem, I remembered that through the entire war he served in the naval intelligence bureau and that the poem "War Mothers" had thus endeared itself to him. The poem has never had the circulation that it deserves,

"When you look at his picture and your eyes  
Are dimmed and mighty wet  
And it seems as though your trembling hands  
Could reach and touch him yet;  
When you faintly call and he answers not  
Your supplicating prayer  
Remember his last though was you  
I know—for I was there.

When the day is done and the hearth fires  
glow  
And you slowly knit and knit;  
And your furtive eyes from embers rise  
To where he used to sit;  
And you feel he can never slip up and kiss you  
unaware  
Remember his last thought was you  
I know for I was there.

When your dear brave heart is breaking  
And life is reft of joy;  
And only the spark of memory  
The face of a boy—YOUR boy;  
May the good God hover over you  
And touch your silvered hair  
And tell you what I've tried to tell;  
He knows, for He was there."

Not the grief of one mother but that of a vast number was witnessed by Mr. Perkins who in his duties was informed of many heart histories and the bravery shown by bereaved mothers.

Mr. Perkins was born in Boston in 1865 and attended Boston schools. He had the interesting experience late in life of serving as secretary to Mark Hana—an occupation educational in itself and one that extended his acquaintance with men throughout the country.

At the present time Mr. Perkins owns and operates the Bellingham Daily Herald and the Daily Olympia. He is President of the Alaska Mexico Occidental Co. and director of many important organizations. Good roads has been his study and hobby and he is president of the association that aims for betterment. Yachting is a favorite sport and he is Commodore of the International Yachting Association. These varied interests keep alive the spirit which is the moving one in his publications—the spirit of endeavor, improvement and "get-aheadness."

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## FANNIE HURST

*The Author of Many Best Sellers Says "Intimations of Immortality" is the Poem That Made The First Deep Impression Upon Her*

It has been said that Fannie Hurst is among the predestined because she achieved

at twenty-nine the success of which she dreamed at fourteen, but producing one great story after another means something more than native talent; it means hard work and the expert, highest-paid short story writer came to popularity by that hard path. To obtain the right atmosphere for her stories she was willing to serve as a shop girl and a waitress; she crossed to Europe by steerage and made endless adventures into the by-paths of life in our most cosmopolitan city. That is only half of the sacrifice that she has made for art. She left a lovely home and enviable social position to dwell as a stranger, knowing homesickness and discouragement for ten years, building—as with brick by brick—a sure foundation on which her dreams might rest. From such experiences she added to her talent and gained her skill in turning off a clean-cut vivid story. From her study of life came her old Jewish fathers, her big-hearted Russian mothers, her intimate knowledge of life just round the corner from the Ghetto; she interpreted the poor make-shifts and the weaknesses of the flotsam of a great population. At twenty she knew by observation the sad, seamy life of the unfortunate and set it forth in a way to wring the heart. Talent? Yes, the gift of gaining by one swift flash of understanding the story wrapt up in incident that might pass a thousand eyes unnoticed.

Fannie Hurst (Mrs. Jaques Danielson) was born in St. Louis, Mo. She received her degree of A. B. at Washington University and had special courses in literature at Columbia.

Asked for a poem which had its influence upon her life, she gave, not as her favorite, but as an inspiration in youth the "Intimations of Immortality." Brief paragraphs are given.

"There was a time when meadow grove and stream  
The earth and every common sight  
To me did seem apparelled in celestial light—  
The glory and freshness of a dream.  
It is not now as it hath been before;  
Turn wheresoe'er I may, by night or day  
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes and lovely is  
the rose  
The moon doth with delight  
Look round her when the heavens are bare;  
Waters on a starry night  
Are beautiful and fair;  
The sunshine is a glorious birth;  
And yet, I know, where'er I go  
That there hath passed away a glory from  
the earth.

\* \* \*

Thanks to the human heart by which we live  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,—  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

In every line there is a deep, immortal truth and to have found that beauty and truth in early girlhood and to have taken from that spirit therein something to hold dear and build upon, bespeaks the calibre and power of a mind that has given us such stories as *Humanesque*, which has been picturized so wonderfully, *Lummox*, *Gaslight Sonatas*, *A President is Born*, *Back Pay* and countless other strong tales that have come from her pen.

## JEANIE MCPHERSON

"Patience and again patience—and yet more patience" is the formula for success in her own particular field, given by Jeanie McPherson, one of the most brilliant scenario writers of the day. That desirable attribute has, no doubt, helped the writer to climb, but very many other experiences were tributary to her position in the motion picture industry, for Miss McPherson has an enviable background.

More than with many others, a glance backward shows that almost every step of her life seemed destined as a preparation. The success of such stupendous plays as "The King of Kings" was made possible through this scenario writer's vivid imagination and her patience in studying each detail of the story.

It was in an exclusive Parisian school, the young author wrote little stories and by visiting historical shrines developed her dramatic instinct. Long vacations were spent with her grandfather who owned and edited the Detroit Journal. Picking up a knowledge of newspaper work and much technical information enabled Miss McPherson to quickly understand what the reading public desires, but the drama called her from the first and her first appearance on the stage was made in "Strongheart." She studied dancing under Theodore Kosloff, but at that time Motion Pictures were rising in popularity and D. W. Griffith's studio was another rung in the ladder towards scenario writing. From this practical work in other studios, the Imp and the Universal, —Miss McPherson turned to her pen.

Previous successes as an actress, a dancer and a director of pictures did not cloud the vision and with Cecil deMille she settled down to the study and the painstaking work of scenario writing—taking some rebuffs but without discouragement. Consequently she acquired a remarkable technique which, linked with her dramatic sense and natural love of beauty led her to produce a working plan for stupendous productions.

"The Ten Commandments," "The Woman God Forgot" and "Carmen" are the most outstanding plays from her pen.

It is to such a one that the rugged lines of Kipling's "If" most appeals. It is a poem that sets a high standard of living and holds a creed in every line:

If you can walk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with kings nor lose the common touch,  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
If all men count with you but none too much;  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the earth, and everything that's in it,  
And which is more,—you'll be a *Man*, my son.

## KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT

A discriminating literary taste is shown by Katharine Newlin Burt in her choice of a favorite passage of verse, "Spenser's Fairy Queen,"—studied in school, has not been a favorite of all,—possibly because the old English spelling draws the atten-

tion away from the beauty of the rhyming. But Spenser, called "The Rubens of the Poets" is a treasure of the distinctly literary.

Mrs. Burt, born at Fishkill-on-the-Hudson, was educated at home by private teachers and later attended Miss Mackie School in Newburg, N. Y. Her love of children led her to the study of kindergarten methods in Munich, Germany. In 1912, like Lochinvar coming out of the West, the eminent author Maxwell Struthers Burt came on a vacation from his travels in the West and came to Oxford where he met Katharine Newlin and they were married the following year. Now from Bar B. C. Ranch in Wyoming come charming stories. To Mr. Burt came the O. Henry Memorial prize and to Mrs. Burt came the fame of the novelist for her wonderful stories, "The Branding Iron" and "Hidden Creek."

"My wife," said Mr. Burt, "is my most useful critic, as I am hers. We are savage with each other, but our feelings are not hurt."

In this affectionate linking of similar interests, we find something to refute the idea that two people of genius cannot dwell together.

Mrs. Burt's stories are convincing and colorful, especially is this true of "Snow Blind," "Quest," and "Red Lady." She has cherished these lines, and says that they are but *one* of her favorites:

How oft do they their silver bowers leave  
To come and succor us who succor want.  
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave  
The flitting skies like flying pursuivant  
Against foul fiends to aid us militant.  
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward  
And their bright squadrons round about us plant  
And all for love and nothing for reward,  
O, why should heavenly God for men have such regard?

\* \* \*

## DR. R. P. STRONG

*The Eminent Physician who has Helped to Transform the Tropics and Delights in Saving Lives Finds his Heart Throb in the Bible*

"The skill of a physician lifts up his head." This quotation passed through my mind when I conversed with Richard P. Strong, the noted biologist of Harvard University Medical School, for I realized how much he had done to salvage human life by his study of tropical diseases and their cure. I said "here is a man upon whom decorations from other countries have been worthily and wisely bestowed; behind the ornament given in recognition of service there is a story of unremitting labor and painstaking investigation."

The skill of Professor Strong has been acknowledged by many foreign countries, Germany, France, Serbia, China and England. Invited to the several countries for conferences and to direct work in Pathological Laboratories, this specialist has done tremendous good in helping to stem the tide of infectious diseases peculiar to certain localities.

The biologist was born at Fortress Monroe in 1872 and has been educated at Yale, Johns Hopkins and the University of

Berlin. From his work as resident physician at John Hopkins, he became a surgeon in the United States Army and served on a board of investigation in the Philippine Islands; he has directed the work in pathological Libraries for the army and that of Biological Laboratories in Manilla, attending many conferences at Peking. During the world war he gave himself to work for the army as well as the armies of England and France.

Dr. Strong is just one more of the expert men of world-wide reputation who is connected with Harvard while at the same time he belongs—through his experience and knowledge—to the world-at-large.

I asked Professor Strong to give me some lines—either from poetry or prose which had influenced his life or which held, for him, some especial beauty and meaning. Promptly he gave me the following paragraphs from Ecclesiasticus (R.V.), and called my attention to the poetry of the Bible as a whole and of that book in particular.

Honour a physician according to thy need of him with the honours due unto him.

For verily the Lord hath created him.

For from the Most High cometh healing.

And from the King he shall receive a gift.

The skill of a physician shall lift up his head.

And in the sight of great men he shall be admired.

The Lord created medicines out of the earth; and a prudent man will have no disgust at them.

Was not water made sweet with wood, that the virtue thereof might be known?

And he gave man skill that they might be glorified in his marvellous works.

## \* \* \* \* \* EUGENE O'BRIEN

*The Famous Star of Stage and Screen Thinks that Kipling's "If" is the Most Inspiring and Satisfying Poem*

Because, to many thousands, a man's name spells 'romance' and because a whimsical smile has won an audience and even caused hearts to flutter, one should not lose sight of real histrionic talent and the painstaking labor of giving a true portrayal of character. Happily, in the case of Eugene O'Brien personality and native talent have been united to bring success. Long before the screen gave to the public a distinguished figure, the name of the actor had been well known through connection with the names of Elsie Janis, Effie Shannon, Margaret Illington, Ethel Barrymore, Mary Pickford and a score of other celebrities. The cinema immediately swelled the number of those who admired Eugene O'Brien in the speaking drama.

The interesting environment of Boulder, Colorado, was the birthplace of the actor and soon after training at the University of his home state, Mr. O'Brien was seen in minor parts in the west but, like many others, he found New York the gateway to popularity.

For many years Mr. O'Brien's name was blazoned as a screen favorite with that of Norma Talmadge—an association that seemed to emphasize the talents of both, and together their work stood as a standard of excellence in cinematic production—a goal

*Continued on page 326*

# Face to Face with Presidents

*Complete Script of the Popular Talks on Sunday Evenings between six and seven for National Broadcasting Company and Associated Stations from New York*  
by Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE tremendous interest and success of the radio program of Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple on "Face to Face with Presidents" is indicated in the thousands of letters received requesting copies of his talks. They are given each Sunday evening from 6:15 to 7 p.m. as a sustaining program by the National Broadcasting Company over WEAF and a nation-wide hook-up ranging from Texas on the South, Denver on the West, Chicago and the powerful General Electric station at Schenectady on the North.

In response to these insistent demands for copies of the series each week beginning June 2 covering the periods of Presidents, from Grant to Hoover, they will be printed in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE month by month. Thousands of letters received from young people during their June examination days indicate an appreciation of their help that the talks gave them in their study of American History.

The program is given with the music of the period and runs the gamut of musical expression. Many selections awakened a flood tide of happy memories among those who lived in those days. In fact every program has brought letters of those who were eye witnesses of the scenes described—ranging from the Centennial Exposition in 1876 on to the scenes of the first Cleveland administration, closing in 1889, given June 30. The musical program was especially effective, covering the choruses, opera and comic opera, band pieces, orchestra music, ballads, concert numbers and hymns that were heard during various administrations indicating the magic power of memory of the music poems and songs that have endured on through the years.

As the announcer says, "Any comments and suggestions concerning these programs will be deeply appreciated by Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple. The Editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE has evidently fallen in love with the microphone as the people have fallen in love with his golden words and cheery voice and radio personality."

Immediately after Station announcement:

(Music—Fife and drums)

Fife and drums in distance playing:

"The Girl I Left Behind Me"

gradually drawing nearer and nearer, as the orchestral potpourri drifts into medley with

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home"  
(Orchestral potpourri)

Mr. Chapple:

The stirring refrain of this music brings

vividly to mind the time when I first saw President Ulysses Simpson Grant. The setting was the opening of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia May 12, 1876. It was the first great exposition ever given in America and celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Vivid are the memories of that day to me, a boy of seven, in the retrospect of the years that have followed. Clad in a seersucker suit with a sailor hat, holding tight the hand of my father, I recall the thrill of the crowds—but that first package of five cents' worth of ginger snaps stands out first in my memory. All was excitement, for President Grant and Dom Pedro II, Emperor of Brazil, were to attend the opening exercises.

With pomp and circumstance the military escorts—a reflection of the military spirit of the recent Civil War—naturally focussed my boyhood attention, especially the gorgeous helmets, similar to those worn by the Roman cavalry, surmounted by big black plumes, waving in the warm sunlight, which I had seen in picture books.

Perched on father's shoulder, I caught my first glimpse of the President—the hero of the hour. He looked worried at being gazed on by so many people, while Dom Pedro, the only living Emperor in the Western hemisphere, a tall and stately man, with a big gray beard, always seemed to be smiling and had a bow in every direction for those who greeted him.

General Grant was short and stout, with strong face and full brownish beard streaked with gray. Somehow I could not picture him fully without a cigar in his mouth, as he was usually portrayed in print. To the Union Army he was still known as the Silent Commander. He seldom spoke and when asked as to his favorite tune, smiled and said: "I know only two tunes, one is 'Yankee Doodle' and the other—is all the rest."

(Orchestra—Medley of National Airs)

There was the usual delay in starting according to schedule, which I afterwards learned was caused by Theodore Thomas not completing his medley of seventeen national airs on time, for the President was not supposed to appear until after the music had finished. That had also occasioned keeping the Emperor of Brazil and the diplomatic corps waiting, but we had a good sight of them close to, as they were waiting resplendent in gold braid to go upon the platform. Here they come!

## "HAIL COLUMBIA"

My young eyes were fixed on General Grant, who entered with his cabinet, and James G. Blaine, former Speaker of the House, who seemed to be the magnetic, popular personage in the party. The President took off his hat when the crowd began cheering, as General Joseph R. Hawley of Connecticut, a man with a long white mustache and long goatee, stepped forward toward General Grant, standing by the rail, and called for "Three Cheers for the President of the United States" with a sweep of his hat. Following father, I took off my little sailor hat and waved it and cheered for Grant.

It made an impression on me to see a real royal Emperor shaking hands with the dominant President of a Republic, while the band was playing the National hymn of Portugal.

(Band—Portuguese hymn—*Adeste Fidelis*)

Then the orchestra played a march written especially for the occasion by the now immortal Richard Wagner, which played for the first time in public to this American audience.

(Orchestra—"Centennial March")

It seemed that long march would never end—for the people were expecting melodies instead of the rich harmony. General Hawley shouted again several times "Attention! Attention," when Bishop Simpson, an old friend of Lincoln offered prayer. It was an awful long invocation to a small boy, but everybody around struck respectful devotion and held out bravely to the end—in spite of the tension of the ten-minute expected amen.

The great chorus of singers arose like a flock of fluttering birds immediately afterwards and sang the hymn, written by John Greenleaf Whittier the Quaker poet. The music seemed to revive the enthusiasm of the assembled throngs.

(Chorus—*Words of Whittier's Hymn*)

It was a very hot day—something like the weather this week. The ladies packed in the crowd had hard work to take care of their bustles, and one man shouted to my father, "Put the boy on the lady's bustle and rest yourself"—but father was a modest man.

While the leaves and buds were not all out in the park, it seemed like a Fourth of July day, because father and I drank quarts of lemonade, heralded as "made in the shade." It had been raining for some days previous and I recall father cleaning the mud from his trousers that morning and shining up the brass buttons on his old

army coat, preparing to meet his old and beloved commander.

Then came the music that impressed me more than all else. The singers began a Cantata—I didn't know what it meant, but I do remember that it was beautiful music that kept the people all quiet, as the voices rang out across the big Memorial Square in the open air singing Dudley Buck's cantata.

Dudley Buck's Cantata by Sydney Lanier the Southern Poet and titled "Centennial meditations of Columbia." Dudley Buck was then an organist at Hartford and also assistant conductor of orchestral concerts at Central Park Garden, New York. Later I sang his music in a church choir until I cracked on a high G in "He shall come down like a rain upon the mown grass" or something like that sort and I landed on the mown grass. How I shall enjoy hearing his music again thru the vista of years.

Father moved up closer because I wanted to see the gay uniforms in the Diplomatic corps and Special Commissioners. All sorts of sashes and medals and gold braid sparkled in the sunlight, which to me suggested a Barnum circus parade. Some of the ladies in the Diplomatic Corps wore their national costumes. The Spanish lady with the mantilla and high comb was fascinating, but never can I forget the little woman from Tunis in a booth that we had visited on the way through the buildings, who wore a gold shackle on her foot, which reminded me of the pictures I had seen of slaves. Strange how incidental things submerge all else in childhood's memory. The woman carved out of real butter was talked over by the farmers at home as one of the real sights at the Centennial. The exhibit of the telephone by Alexander Graham Bell by the inventor person who had come on from Boston, attracted the attention of boys and girls just as the first radio crystal sets, while elders looked upon it as merely another toy.

My mother was a music teacher and she had trained her chorus at home to sing the "Hallelujah Chorus" while she played the accompaniment on her old Steinway piano, and recruited father to fill out with the bass, until he struck a bum discord not in the solo part of the basses, and was officially fired by mother.

The climatic memory came to me when I heard the opening measures of that familiar chorus from the "Messiah" and before I was aware of it, they were singing Hallelujah's back and forth at a rapid rate. But oh, how heavenly seems the memory of that grand refrain:

*(Hallelujah Chorus)*

Before the echoes of the last Hallelujah died away, there was a touch of an electric wire on the conductor's buzzer. Then the guns sounded from the hills, bell rang out in every direction. Bells and steam whistles vied with each other in shrieks and whistles. The Symphony of Noise unloosed was almost deafening and continued for half an hour, explosively and emphatically marking the formal opening of the World's Fair, or Centennial Exposition, as it was called, commemorating the birth of our Nation.

While of course I could not fully under-

stand President Grant's speech on that occasion, which was heartily criticized by opposing party newspapers, I do remember hearing Mother say on returning home that the outstanding features of the opening ceremonies were the music and President Grant's speech. She had it preserved in her scrap book and I will read a paragraph from the address of the modest President, whose remains lie on the banks of the Hudson, in that beautiful monument given by the people of the City of New York, the only president buried within the borders of our country's metropolis:

"While we are proud of what we have done, we regret that we have not done more. Our achievements have been great enough, however, to make it easier for our people to acknowledge supreme merit wherever found."

In this simple phrase, Ulysses S. Grant foreshadowed the marvelous progress that has come to his country since the days that he expressed the immortal Heart Throb of the ages:

*"LET US HAVE PEACE."*

Since then America has scouted the world for merit and ideas, and put those ideas into words and deeds that have led on steadily to the betterment of conditions to all the people of the earth.

Walking back through the grounds I could not understand why the giant statues of the huge horses with wings couldn't fly. The crowds gathered around the big Corliss steam engine which furnished all the power with belts and pulleys for the machinery of the Exposition. This began the era of machines that has helped to lift the burdens from the shoulders of man. The groups gathered quickly everywhere when General Grant appeared. While he was on the Reviewing Stand my father took me with him to salute and greet his old Commander during the Vicksburg campaign. When father shook hands and was called "Sergeant" he pulled me out between his legs and Ulysses S. Grant put his hand on my shoulder with a kindly pat, and quietly remarked in an aside: "Have the boy see the fireworks," and then I loved Grant. All this before I could scarcely realize that we had met the man whose steel engraving likeness hung enhalowed in our parlor at home—Ulysses S. Grant, my far-away hero, right here, in flesh and blood—I touched his silk hat in his hand reverently, as if it were something sacred. Then the band played.

*(Band—Drums and Trumpets)*

*"Spirit of '76"*

Could anyone ever forget that night! The Bartholdi Fountain with its myriads of gas jets, which until recently was in the Botanic Gardens in Washington, near where now stands the Heroic Group statue, Memorial to Grant under the shadow of the dome of the Capitol. The fountain was looked upon with wonderment, but its flickering myriads of gaslights were dim when compared to the brilliant electric illuminations that have flashed from the genius of Thomas Alva Edison. The fiftieth anniversary of this revolution in lighting the world is being celebrated in Atlantic City this week.

One thing that stands out in my boyish recollection was the fireworks. The milling crowds in Fairmount Park were looking aloft, as the network of rockets interlaced the skies overhead. The President's command was obeyed by the Sergeant. The boy saw the fireworks. The chorus of exclamations are still echoed on through the years.

*"Exclamations—'Oh's' and 'Ah's'"*

We stood near the President's stand and strained our eyes in the darkness, lighted now and then from the brilliant illumination in the heavens to glimpse the silhouetted figure of President Grant, with the unlit cigar in his mouth, evidently as much impressed as others with this scene of rejoicing, commemorating the historic ringing of the Liberty Bell.

Not far from the Reviewing Stand was a group of colored people; many of them had been slaves, some of whom had served in the Union Army. They gathered around the big statue of the "Freed Slave" in Memorial Hall, hoping to greet General Grant, whom they considered the Great Deliverer who had made Lincoln's emancipation proclamation possible. There came the soft strains of old plantation melodies, sung by the Colored Jubilee singers:

*"Swing low, sweet chariot"*

The day closed with a number of "Grand Balls" which small boys were not permitted to attend, but I did persuade a doting father to let me have a glimpse of the hall, gay with bunting and filled with dancers. The enormous skirts made it necessary for a larger area for a dance floor than today. The slender wasplike waists of the women were a contrast to the bulging bustles, but the demure and dainty beauty of that period made an impression upon my boyish mind—for it comes with the early recollection of my mother.

The closing days of the Grant Administration had its clouds in the disclosure of the Belknap Scandal. It was later proved the President was in no way involved. Grant patiently and stoically smoked his cigar as the battle of charges were later aired as he did when he was reported to Lincoln as drunk at Shiloh, and with butchery in the wilderness in bringing the Civil War to a close.

It was this same Grant who loved to sit and talk with Robert Todd Lincoln. They were together at Appotomax, for the eldest son of Lincoln was on Grant's staff. When the Silent Commander handed back the sword given him by General Robert E. Lee he looked about and saw the hungry Confederate soldiers in rags, and quickly ordered that all the horses and equipment that could be utilized on the farms and the side arms of the officers should be returned in the interest of a re-united country.

Day after day Grant read the criticisms of newspapers at home, together with the adulation and praise that came to him from the foreign press as a worthy successor of the great Lincoln and a military genius comparable to Napoleon himself. He was charged with neglecting his official duties, because he spent much time away from the hot and miasmic atmosphere of the White House. These were the times when the Potomac flats were breedingague and fever evidenced by the chills and shivers that

# Glorious Gay Days in Guatemala

*The neighboring country of Central America is as near New York as Texas—Popular playground for winter tourists from the United States—Latin American relations look different since President Hoover's swing around the Southern Continent of Americas*

After witnessing a noonday cocktail party at the Palace Hotel, Guatemala City, I thought of scattered notes in my bag accumulated during a two months' tour of Central American countries. Every city visited was like a new scene in a serial photoplay. Ever interesting to me were the

Grandmothers and granddaughters were there, and as the local paper would report, "a good time was had by all." This occasion suggested the nine-tenths portion of radio programs, where young people of America are dancing to the xylophone and the all pervading jazz—on tap day or night.

important part in bringing the Republics of the two Americas closer together. When Colonel Lindbergh made his famous circle of the Caribbean area, sweeping down through Mexico, on to the Isthmus, and back through Colombia, Venezuela and the West Indies, he blazed the pathway of a new channel of communication. It was more than an impressive feat of aviation, for it proved effective in awakening a latent feeling of kinship and friendship. Lindbergh's feat did not require any descriptions translated into any particular language, for the masses of the people understood the good will intent of the United States toward Latin America, as did Europe on that first memorable flight in May, 1927. Despite the warning of aviators in various countries visited, Colonel Lindbergh charted direct routes from capital to capital with the unerring instinct of a bird. The people in these countries have picturesquely interpreted his airplane as symbolic of the white dove of peace, coming from the sympathetic heart of the northernmost Republic of the Western World. All classes of people know about the "Lone Eagle", and hail the United States and Lindbergh as "muy simpatico", bringing a general realization that the United States is a friendly neighbor rather than a distant country.



*El Merced, which is the most beautiful church in Antigua, and is now in use*

people, whether at a motion picture theater or on a festal holiday, or walking up Sixth Avenue in Guatemala City. The friendly glance, toward a stout American wearing a fedora told me more than words could have expressed. The music of the marimba, with an occasional moan of the solitary saxophone, was strictly Guatemalan, but the faces of the young people dancing reflected the same joyous smile that prevails at a tea dansant at a New York hotel. They were young folks looking at each other the same way that youth and maiden have looked at each other since romance began. It recalled stories of the days when Grecian art glorified the poetry of motion. As I heard nothing but Spanish around me, I felt that I had the right perspective in which to begin summarizing a flood tide of accumulating favorable impressions concerning Guatemala.

When at first I heard the marimba, which was out of sight, I thought it was a new high-powered amplified mechanical loud speaker used to entertain the sleeping guests. Later when I discovered the marimba, the native Guatemalan "piano" which had been evolved from the primitive methods of getting music from gourds and a native wood, again I mused: Folks are folks the world over. They drank moderately of cocktails, but the intoxication occasioned by coquettish Spanish eyes was irresistible.

equations of understanding than motion pictures, for was it not a prophet who wrote, "Let me write the songs of a country and I care not who makes the laws"? Traveling at the radio pace of 186,000 miles a second, the voice of America is heard to the farthest limits of the lands first explored by the Spanish conquistadores, at precisely the same time that millions are listening in at their radio sets in the United States. The addresses of the President of the United States, if translated into Spanish, could be delivered to the people of all these countries with the same magic of the personally spoken word. Executives of South American Republics in turn could broadcast to the radio fan of the United States, effecting a continent-wide hook-up that would supplement and might even transcend the achievements of diplomacy.

Aviation is already playing an

Aviation has also revealed that New York is as close to Central America by airplane as Galveston, Texas. The maps also show that the metropolis of the United States is no further distant from Guatemala than Brownsville on the Rio Grande. With a realization of this annihilation of time and distance, the people of the Caribbean area feel more than ever before that they are



*Part of the Ruins of El Merced*

within the radius of close acquaintance with Uncle Sam.

Talking with the young people in these various countries, I find them more attuned to a friendly appreciation of the United States than five years ago. They are discussing the prospects of sharing in the prosperity that has come to the new world and know more about it. They seem to look upon Herbert Hoover as one who has an international viewpoint and with a capacity of administration that is not limited to national boundaries. They realize that he



*Looking down the street of Antigua toward El Agua from the Hotel El Manchem*

directed the expenditure of thirteen billions of dollars for war relief without a shadow of a corrupt dollar, which has inspired in them a confidence that the same unchallenged integrity must prevail in a worldwide development of peace and prosperity. In every country I visited I found reactions from the good-will tour of Herbert Hoover as President-elect. In a number of specific instances there was an entire reversal of policy among newspapers and political leaders. From a suspicion of American commercial imperialism, they are now ardently advocating still closer relations with the United States, based not alone on trade and commerce but upon a conviction that good will and friendliness are the basic foundations of their own prosperity and development.

Without delving into detailed figures, it is interesting to note that the balance of trade between the United States and Guatemala is a literal balance of the scales. The United States furnishes fifty-five per cent of the imports, and receives fifty-five per cent of the exports, an equitable expression of fair trade. The expansion of the trade and commerce on this basis ought to make for an enduring economic intercourse that would strengthen the trend towards increasing friendliness. The clerks and merchants exploit American goods with appreciative enthusiasm. There is no inclination to add to the margins because they are "imported", as is sometimes revealed in our own mercantile practices in the United States.

Observations of people and conditions on this recent survey about the circle of the

Caribbean countries encouraged the irresistible impulse to seek out the good in a country instead of the bad and disagreeable. I found there was as much of a thrill in exploring the favorable aspects as in following the trite custom of seeking local color in the same sort of squalor and poverty that exists in isolated spots in the United States and all parts of the world.

In every country I visited I found reactions from the good-will tour of Herbert Hoover as President-elect. In a number of specific instances there was an entire reversal of policy among many newspapers. Frankly, it was at first difficult to break away from the reporter's habit of reseasoning old tales that now seem as remote and unreliable as stories about Captain Kidd and his pirates.

Touring countries where I enjoyed a real dizzy earthquake, a revolution and a feast day all within 12 hours with many volcanos scattered among friendly mountain peaks, it is not difficult to work one's self into an adventuresome fervor as contrasted with the whirling squirrel trap existence of routine life in the States. Here people live much with their emotions, but hard-headed and practical methods are nothing more than co-ordinated emotions under control. Through representatives of the State and Commerce Departments, the people of Central America have become keenly appreciative of the advantages of stable business methods, which means stable governments.

The difference between the Near East, Latin America and Europe and America is a matter of accounting. In other words, auditing with a degree of accuracy which naturally evolves into honesty in business dealings. The ring of the cash register is supplanting the bargaining of the bazaar and the chatter in the markets, fixing values more according to their true worth, subject to the laws of supply and demand.

A visit to the market in Antigua, the ancient capital of Guatemala, reveals natives trading among themselves without the use of money, but still enjoying the thrill of a shopping expedition amid various smells and odors with the enthusiasm of American women in the perfumed aisles of a department store. The markets are veritable social centers for these people who still follow the customs of many centuries past. The long procession of the natives coming and going from the market, including quiche women with gaily colored and distinctive blouses and skirts, contrasted with the costumes of many other tribes, was a motion picture panorama. Carrying heavy baskets on their heads and a babe on their

shoulders papoose-fashion, they trotted along with an imperious stateliness that would have made the late Isadora Duncan envious. It was a most colorful scene of primitive peoples and excelled in picturesqueness and color anything I had ever seen in Spain or other countries in Europe where distinctive national costumes are still worn.

Widows wore white shawls and black skirts which was a common mourning garb for many tribes. Guatemala possesses the purest traditions of the Indian race extant. The alert activity and dignified carriage of these red men of the high altitudes brought visions of the ancient civilization of the Mayas and Copans which flourished in the seventh century and even antedated the Christian era. Omar Khayyam was writing his Rubaiyat in Bagdad, then at the zenith of its glory, the gateway between ancient Cathay and Imperial Rome when these temples of South America were monuments marking a high tide of civilization.

All this was a revelation of what the tourist can visit within a few days by rail from New York City, for Pullman cars are now used on the railroads operating between Mexico City and Guatemala. Consequently this land of the Aztecs is now accessible from the United States, in the language of Paul Revere's lantern, "by land or sea."

The price of corn, as well as coffee, is a barometer of trade in Guatemala. The



*The main street of Champerico, Guatemala*

grasshoppers played havoc with the crop last year, and \$1,500,000 worth of corn was imported. The main sustenance of the people is corn and beans.

Six months ago a Commercial Attaché was sent to the United States Legation at Guatemala. Passing along Sixth Avenue, which is a counterpart of what Fifth Avenue is to New York, I came across a modest emblem of a ship and a lighthouse marked with the words, "United States Department of Commerce." Up one flight I found two large rooms, with tiled floors containing something of the Spanish atmosphere, but inside were steel desks, typewriters, adding machines, steel filing cabinets, the severely plain and substantial

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# Movie Fan Phalanx Girdling the Globe

*"Who sees the movies?" as answered by an enthusiastic fan in poetic and sweeping phrase that encompasses the wide world motion picture audiences. The language universal of pictures that spans the earth*

By F. G. MARTIN

**Q**UOTH Puck: "I'll put a girdle around the earth in forty minutes." Modern magnates have put a belt of motion-picture theatres around the old mater through forty syndicates—more or less.

Remember that Websterian flight of eloquence—"A power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe...whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain." Why, bless your shade, Daniel Webster, the music in the orchestra pits and the "talkies" in a world-wide chain of movie theatres does this very thing, literally, every day in the year. Every hour, every minute, of the twenty-four hours, the movies are showing somewhere on this terrestrial ball.

Start anywhere you may choose, on a school globe, and trace around it, through the temperate zone and through much of the torrid zone, from 180 degrees longitude, east, to 180 degrees, west—and the movies are there, all around the line.

Start an imaginary journey in Asia, if you will. In the "Flowery Kingdom" let the grand march to the movies begin, and you go along, in imagination, to review it. Start the procession at Japan's opening hour, as the little brown men and women hie away to see America's latest films. Cross to storied China. Sweep down to the Philippines. Go over to "India's coral strand." Your army of movie-goers is swelling.



Mary Pickford

Out of the regions of brown and yellow and tawny skins into blonde Europe—there the ranks expand. Speed across the Mediterranean, in your make-believe review, to

North Africa—and away across the once "Dark Continent" to its southern fringes—the movies are there—the procession is moving there.

While in that part of the world, do not overlook Australia and New Zealand, where the movie is entertainment manna.

Crossing the Atlantic, with movies exhibited on your ship as you come, your picture procession becomes a prodigious—a phenomenal progress. Compared with this mighty multitude Caesar's Legions would be but a handful; Napoleon's "Old Guard" but a corporal's guard, and Washington's army but a Gideon's band.

On, on, they march. While they of Europe, having seen the show, retreat homeward to bed, we of America take up the march and hustle in for the first morning showing of the latest screen thriller. Away up north "Our Lady of the Snows" powders her nose and is off to the movies. All over this western world they are on the endless march to the movies. "Away down south" in Latin America—why, before Herbert Hoover ever thought of invading those sensuous lands with his good-will message, Douglas, and Mary, and Charlie, and Tom, and a whole constellation of American film stars were rivaling in brilliance the Southern Cross and were causing, down there, old oaken buckets-ful of good will for America and Americans to bubble up from warm, impressionable Latin hearts.

And so, over all the continents—across both hemispheres—aboard ships at sea, the grand army of movie enthusiasts moves, "following the sun, and keeping company with the hours," circling the earth with one continuous and unbroken march to the movies.

This movie host constitutes the greatest democracy on earth. Death no more surely levels distinctions than does the movie. Pictures, in the United States, have standardized tastes, co-ordinated ideas and harmonized ideals, as Noah Webster's dictionary, speller and reader standardized language, ideas and ideals all over the land in the early days of the Republic.

With such a world-encompassing field and with such a universal clientele, small wonder that the motion-picture industry is crooning along in billions in capitalization and valuation, and trilling along toward trillions.

Who see the movies? **EVERYBODY!** Yessum-yessir, everybody—no limitations, no exclusions, no diminutions, no subtractions, no exceptions. From the arch-criminal uncaught, to the earthly editions of seraphim—men, women, children—white, brown, black, red, yellow. From and in

every state—and territory—every continent and every clime; in every mental state; in every moral state; in every physical state; in every emotional state; in every



Douglas Fairbanks

financial state, from opulent, down through moderate and limited means, to "dead broke."

Analyze—or psycho-analyze—the typical movie crowd and you have a cross-section of humanity "as is." There's the silly "cutie" who gurgles that the Grand Canyon is "cute" but chortles that the Hollywood millinery display is "perfectly grand." There's her erudite sister with diploma, degree and distinction written on her sedate brow. The male dapper and the female flapper—they're inside, or waiting in line. There are the august, austere Cabots of Cape Cod rubbing elbows with the bland, breezy Babitts of Bariboo. And out in the village there is good old Uncle George and Aunt Susan—reminiscent of bootjacks, eating soup as an audition, drinking coffee from the saucer, saying prayers kneeling, reading "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" and "Lavender and Old Lace" and wiping eyes with apron when the victrola wheezes out "Love's Old Sweet Song" or "When You and I were Young, Maggie."

It is a great melting-pot—this blending of humanity at the movies. It is the world put into a kaleidoscope. "All the world's a stage"—yes, a screen, if you please—a screen 25,000 miles wide.

Besides being the most comprehensive and most cosmopolitan means of entertain-

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# Pied Piperettes of Modern Days

*How witching young women continue to rid cities, towns, and hamlets of rats—Adapting the idea of tradition and romance to modern health and hygiene necessities in battling with one of the pests that beset old inhabited communities*

By IVA WILSON

WE so often hear the saying that "there is nothing new under the sun," but there is ONE thing new under the sun and that "one thing" is the unique profession of pied piperism or the luring of rats and mice to their death by attractive and lovely executioners—refined, enthusiastic, up-to-the-minute girls—Miss Anna Wright and Miss Madga Case. These girls are known throughout the United States, Alaska and the Hawaiian Islands as "pied pipers." Do they by magic or by the soft, entrancing strains of weird music, accomplish their ends? Oh, no—something more modern and simple than that. Just Barium Carbonate—an efficient and deadly death-trap.

How do they go about it? This way. They are not official representatives of any federal state or city bureaus, but they do coöperate with all of these and they use the same poison recommended by the United States biological survey. To be effective, a rat campaign of extermination must have the coöperation of the entire community and they work along these lines.

When they enter a field, they first secure the endorsement of the health officers, the

will proclaim a rat-killing week. The girls, too, often give demonstrations of their work to merchants, factory and mill owners. The charge for ridding premises of rats is based on the size of the building and the reasonable number of rats.

They also speak before clubs and give radio talks on the subject of rat-killing. They educate the people not only concerning the destructive tendencies of the rat but also warn them that they are a menace to health. The rat may harbor the flea that carries the germ of the deadly bubonic plague.

They say rats multiply at a tremendous rate. One pair, it is said, will produce 650,000 offspring in three years, so that rat extermination will be needed as long as one pair is left. It is estimated too, that there are two rats to every person and that it costs \$1.82 a year to properly feed a healthy rat.

Their formula for the poison is as follows—the barium carbonate is mixed with about four times its weight in food. To one teaspoonful of barium carbonate mix three teaspoonfuls of any ordinary food that a rat will eat or likes. For positive results they recommend a mixture of three kinds of food with the poison and continue this for several nights. Because of the suffocating effect of the poison, the rats and mice that eat it, will seek the open air to die, thus preventing odors in buildings.

When asked why they chose this work Miss Wright said, "We had made a rat-killing campaign in our home town and this gave us the idea of waging warfare in other states. It was mainly a desire to see the country and a touch of wanderlust that started us out. We studied the methods thoroughly and started out to spend the winter in Florida, but became so busy that we did not reach Florida that season. We started out to have a good time and we are certainly having it. We have been in 38 states; from Maine to California and from Alaska to Florida and in Hawaii. I know of but three women rat-killers in the world so we stand nearly alone in our profession. When we started, we had no idea that it would reach to such proportions."

Miss Wright is a winsome daughter of the old South—she is from Virginia "suh." She is that rare combination of dainty, lovely womanhood and an efficient business woman. Around her clings the indescribable charm of the southland; she reminds one of dainty China with her lovely coloring and fragile look.

Miss Case is a Victorian lass of the Pacific Coast; a real Canadian born and reared. She has a charming, vivacious and

winning personality. She is typical of her country for she is a wee dynamo—brimming over with pep and energy. She is demure, dignified and lovely too.

Although it is an unique and strange calling for these dainty college-bred girls, it is commendable and while doing a real and much needed service, they are earning funds and acquiring an education that will in later years, be invaluable to them. Financially, their business is a success.



Anna Mae Wright

They are now planning a trip into Old Mexico and later are going to visit the Orient. As they go, they distribute public health service literature in order to carry instruction to those whom they cannot contact personally.

## The Pied Piper Of Hamlin

Into the street the Piper stept,  
Smiling first a little smile,  
As if he knew what magic slept  
In his quiet pipe the while;  
Then, like a musical adept,  
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,  
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,  
Like a candleflame where salt is sprinkled;  
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,  
You heard as if an army muttered;  
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;  
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.  
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,  
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,  
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,  
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,  
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,  
Families by tens and dozens,  
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—  
Followed the Piper for their lives,  
From street to street he piped advancing,  
And step for step they followed dancing,  
Until they came to the river Weser  
Wherein all plunged and perished—



Madga Case

chamber of commerce or women's clubs or civic bodies and then proceed to visit every mill, factory, store or in fact every business house in the city and enlist their co-operation. Sometimes the mayor or chamber of commerce will sponsor the campaign and

# “Our Jim” A—Biography

*Some new chapters concerning the stirring adventuresome early career of Hon. James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor in the Cabinets of three Presidents—Harding, Coolidge and Hoover*

From the book “Our Jim” by Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE stately Campanile tower and the red roofs of Mooseheart loom up on the banks of the Fox River and invite the eye of thousands who pause at the houses “by the side of the road.” From a shrub-enclosed entrance, beautiful lawns stretched away, here and there adorned with rugged rocks. Entering the sequestered spot, I found myself almost immediately among hundreds of the happiest, healthiest, neatly dressed children I have ever met in any place.

The greater number of the buildings are of cement blocks, made on the place; the impression is given of a group of an ideal rural community. The school building, auditorium, dairy barn,—where the cows are milked by the boys,—the machine shops, where the clang of metal blends the pastoral in the practical, industrial life of the children, all combine to proclaim Mooseheart as a wholesome, well-ordered, vocational school as well as a home of childhood and youth.

There is the gilded dome of the splendid hospital provided by the Philadelphia Lodge and many buildings provided by other lodges who have so generously expressed their deep interest in Mooseheart, and some of the sunny, cosy cottages are named for flowers, a custom which goes far in teaching sentiment and appreciation.

The luxurious greenhouses afford revenue as well as an object lesson for the boys and girls brought up to love and care for flowers and vines for, summer and winter, they live close to nature.

The climax of my visit at Mooseheart was my attendance at the Sunday afternoon Assembly, where a concert was given by the band and by pupils. This was broadcast by the Mooseheart Radio Station, which is one of the best in Illinois. Many thousands listen-in every Sunday to the splendid programs which reflect the fine spirit of culture of the student body. The Mooseheart band has won high praise for its excellence and when a tour of the country was made, they played before Governors, presidents and heads of musical institutions, and thus showed the splendid development of very fine talent among the boys and girls.

To see the gathering on Sunday at these Assemblies is a revelation. No finer, sturdier, better poised and beautiful young people could be found. Religious services of the various denominations are held and religious freedom is allowed. The fatherless sons and daughters, with their mothers, unite at worship in the morning hours; brothers and sisters preserve family love and on every hand the friendliness that

unites humanity is fostered and practised. One catches the spirit of one big family going forward together.

The young people are alert, refined, enthusiastic, with modesty of bearing, and all reflect the sturdy glow of health that comes from right living, good clothes, and good wholesome food; theirs is a life in the open, learning Nature's secrets and wonders.

The little baby village and the procession that forms for an airing make a picture that sets the heart beating with tenderness and a thankfulness for this wonderful environment for the helpless little ones.

The song, “Mooseheart the Happiest,” was written by Mrs. Albert Bushnell Hart, wife of Dr. Hart, who has retired after twenty-five years as Professor of History and Government at Harvard University. He is a member of the Mooseheart Board of Governors, and has become greatly interested in the work. The song is always sung at Mooseheart gatherings.

One is impressed by the lavish display of floral decorations at any function given in Mooseheart. The greenhouses furnish beautiful ferns and flowers and the young people develop a skill and taste of arrangement.

At a dinner given to the Mooseheart Governors and officials, the girls of the senior class served the guests. It was an occasion that further exemplified the self-reliant, capable way that the girls of Mooseheart take on the responsibilities.

Mooseheart has been the forerunner of all adventures in behalf of children; it has raised what was a club for social purposes into a benevolent order of the widest charity. It is not endowed by inspired millionaires, but is maintained out of the dues of the members, thus making each member of the lodge a partaker in the work. This very fact has engendered a tremendous pride and interest throughout the whole order of Moose.

The children at Mooseheart now number 1,400; they come from all parts of the world, even Alaska and the Canal Zone. One fourth of their number come from Pennsylvania, where so many industries are located. Brothers and sisters of one family play and study together for the one great ideal of Mooseheart is the preservation of family life and love—the sacredness of home-ties.

There has always been an absence of institutionalism at Mooseheart. Uniforms are not worn and everything is done to preserve the child's individuality.

In answer to a criticism once made that too much money was spent on the children,

Mr. Davis gave out this statement: “When the question of the child against the dollar arises, Mooseheart gives preference to the child. The intention is not to save money, but to save children.”

How well that has been done is shown by the fact that in thirty months there was but one death among the children. Money is spent to get the best results in salvaging human life, and one needs only to visit Mooseheart to see how that is gloriously accomplished.

In the organization of Mooseheart, experts were chosen for each and every important work. There was naturally some concern when it became necessary to elect a new director, but the choice of Mr. Roselle has been a happy event. He has taken up the work with his whole heart and soul in it. His own children are examples of fine training and Mrs. Roselle aids the work in her own ideal way.

Several new policies and activities have been instituted under the new direction; conferences in which the seniors take part and the appointment of older boys and girls to responsible positions in government and direction have beautifully strengthened the existing fine morale. Always the finest of men have been connected with the interests of Mooseheart, such men as U. S. Federal Judge Edward J. Henning, of the Southern District of California, who for many years has guided the organization through the legal shoals. His able, constructive, and organizing genius is reflected in the splendid achievements of the Loyal Order of Moose in building up Mooseheart and Moosehaven. When his friend Jim Davis asked him to become Assistant Secretary of Labor, he responded and gave to the Department the advantages of his knowledge and ability as a legal authority. One of the objects of his life has been to make real the ideals of his friend in practical and enduring organization. Others who have given valuable assistance to Jim Davis and who deserve a high place as benefactors of humanity, and sturdy co-workers include such men as Hon. John J. Lentz of Columbus, Ohio, who gave Mooseheart its name; William Broening, former Mayor of Baltimore; Judge Ralph W. E. Donges, of the New Jersey Circuit Court; Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard University; Hon. Arthur Capper, U. S. Senator from Kansas, Albert H. Ladner, Jr., Attorney-at-law in Philadelphia; Hon. Joseph G. Armstrong of Pittsburgh, and Rodney H. Brandon of Mooseheart, to say nothing of an unsurpassed corps of organizers. The late Congressman, Hon. Mahlon Garland and John W. Ford of Philadelphia are men whose memory will ever be

cherished by the Loyal Order of the Moose. Few public leaders have expressed more grateful appreciation of the help given him in carrying out the vision and the conception of this, one of the most humanitarian, fraternal and philanthropic institutions in the world, than the founder, James J. Davis.

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THE vigorous training in the Secretary's organization work all over the country, and in every state, served him well as an experience in his new duties as a department chief of dictating letters at an airplane speed or noting and recalling the physical conditions and people touched upon in the mass of correspondence; it was all in the day's work. His letters and decisions had something that indicated a first-hand knowledge of the situation involved. The honeymoon days of receptions and flowers were over (and no one member of the Cabinet had more loving and affectionate personal greetings), but it was now work from early morning to late at night marking the most momentous days for American labor in the effort to maintain a saving wage in the period of deflation in prices, which was wiping out inventory value like mist before a hot summer sun.

The words of President Harding were the basis of his work from the day he first entered the Department of Labor.

"The human element comes first. I want the employers to understand the hopes and yearnings of the workers, and I want the wage earners to understand the burdens and anxieties of the wage payers, and all of them must understand their obligations to the people and the Republic. Out of this understanding will come social justice which is so essential to the highest human happiness."

These words were typewritten and reiterated all down the line as his Order No. 1.

In accepting the appointment he had in mind doing his best to make it a Department devoted to the best interests of all the people. In this connection he stated a few weeks later:

"The Department of Labor should be a service to the public generally. I shall make every effort to make the service helpful to all interests and not to any special group. Our industrial interests are so closely interwoven with the daily lives of the people that each one of us must be concerned vitally in the welfare and property of man and the management of industry. The Department of Labor should be a department of service for all—this includes employers as well as the public and the workers. Let us make every effort to make this service absolutely non-partisan. Special interests will be given no particular consideration; the same attention will be given to each and every one."

A syndicated newspaper article further augmented this criticism. The statement intimated that shortly after President Harding's election, a group of manufacturing interests and employers had got together and tried to persuade the President to appoint a representative of the employing interests and one specifically favoring the

open shop. There was no basis for this statement.

Mr. Davis having been directly identified from a very early age with the labor movement as president of a local union at twenty-one, and even at this time maintaining his membership in his own trade union group, it could hardly be expected that Davis would qualify as the choice of a group of manufacturers and employers "actively and implacably opposed to union labor."

While these diverse elements were battling, the President was silent, for he knew Jim Davis, both as a labor leader, a humanitarian, a fraternalist, and Director-General of the Loyal Order of Moose, where he had proved his capacity for organizing men *en masse* and building up propositions which were practical and successful. President Harding was determined to act deliberately and bring to the front a man whom he had known since early manhood, and whose native ability had made him a leader of working men and fraternalists. While his appointment was the very last to be announced in the personnel of the Harding Cabinet, it was one of the first that Harding had settled on in his own mind.

On March 5, 1921, the date on which Mr. Davis actively assumed his duties, he made the declaration that has remained his policy in all matters of industrial relationships: "Employees and employers have their duties one to the other and both to the public, as well as their representative rights. Whatever I do I shall play the game straight as I know how, and I expect others to do likewise."

As head of the Department of Labor Secretary Davis has been true not only to his own principles, but also to those of his friend and his chief, the President. There was a close bond between the two men. Both had much in common. Harding had a broad outlook on humanity, for he was a humanitarian in the best sense of the word. He loved his fellow-men and especially did his great heart go out to the toiling masses, for he rightly believed that the welfare and progress of society depended upon the efforts and condition of the workers.

Harding visualized a glorious, peaceful, and prosperous future for his country and remained an ardent champion of every movement and everything that tended toward a better national development to place the United States upon a high plane. The quality of Harding which all admired was his unflagging sincerity in thought, word, and deed. There was not a particle of deception in his make-up. In his admiration and love for Harding, Jim Davis has proven just such a friend of humanity as was Harding. Though not born on the soil, he loves America with a burning, intensive zeal. He has done and is still doing his best to help the great republic of his adoption to gain that place in the sun where it will be looked up to as the model and exemplar for all other lands on the face of the earth. Davis has followed in the footsteps of Harding and cherishes the memory of that great man and good friend. The following splendid tribute from the pen of Secretary Davis speaks for itself, and surely is most worthy of both the one it

commemorates and the one whose heartfelt emotions it expresses:

"Warren G. Harding was a man and a President with a heart of pure gold. Deep within him lay that love for his fellow-man which is the outstanding attribute of the true believer in fraternity—in the ultimate brotherhood of mankind. In his public service he evidenced the faith that was in him, faith in those who served with him and in those with whom he served. His deep interest in fraternities of all kinds, regardless of creed, was known to all the world. Throughout his career he gave his whole-hearted support to the movement toward human brotherhood.

"Warren G. Harding will go down in history as one of the greatest Presidents America ever had. He believed with his whole heart that America was the hope of mankind, and the salvation of the world. He had that innate faith in representative government which Emerson voiced when he said that America's whole history 'looks like the last effort of divine Providence for the salvation of the human race.' He had an abiding confidence in the capacity of the American people for self-government, and while he held fast to the fundamental principles of Americanism as history had demonstrated them, he was ever alert to every opportunity for true progress. His service to the American people was one of untiring industry, for he did not spare himself in his devotion to duty. His first thought always was for the other fellow, for he was a practical idealist and translated his idea of fellowship into actual practice. Deep in his heart was implanted a love for the home, church, the lodge, the club, the fireside. Wherever men and women gathered together in amity and fraternity, there Warren G. Harding felt at home.

"With the true spirit of service he led the nation through the dark days which followed the World War. Facing great problems, he solved them with the earnest and quiet concentration which marked his whole career. No lack of decision hampered him, no appeal of the demagogue moved him. He went straight to the heart of each problem as it came to him, studied it with infinite patience, and disposed of it without haste or delay. His broad humanity was revealed in his constant and active sympathy for the man who works, and his memorial might well be written in the words of his wage creed:

"The workman's lowest wage must be enough for comfort, enough to make his house a home, enough to insure him that the struggle for existence shall not crowd out the things worth existing for."

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As the Labor Department was the last of the Department portfolios to be created, Secretary Davis took his seat at the foot of the Cabinet table. Fortunately, beside him sat Calvin Coolidge, vice-president of the United States, who had been invited by President Harding to be present at all the meetings of the Cabinet. This established a precedent unknown in the history of executive administration in the United States, but it reflected the broad visioned and generous-minded, unselfish Harding. He had said that he realized that

the work was a man-killing job and he might not serve out his term. This procedure helped to prepare his successor for the responsibilities he assumed upon Harding's untimely death.

Jim Davis was present at many important conferences. When the strike questions began to come before the Cabinet, it was evident that the Labor Department was in for a busy time. In reporting on a strike situation to the Cabinet, Jim Davis made an oral review of the situation as he understood it from firsthand information. He was complimented by his seat-mate Calvin Coolidge and it impressed his fellow-members that Jim Davis was not afraid of his job and was ready to grapple the new, but very important subject of "Conciliation," and to utilize the stirring experiences of his early days.

Under the immediate supervision of the Secretary of Labor is the *Conciliation Service*. This is one of the most important activities of the Department, because it is devoted to the maintenance of peace in industry. In this field of endeavor the representatives of the Secretary—Commissioners of Conciliation—seek to bring men and manager into closer co-operation and relationship. Commissioners of Conciliation are appointed under the provisions of the organic law which authorizes the Secretary of Labor to act as a mediator or to appoint Commissioners of Conciliation whenever in his judgment he deems it necessary. In adjusting a trade dispute department representatives cannot arbitrarily fix any basis of settlement, nor make awards and decisions and insist that they be put into effect.

As the official title implies, Conciliators are industrial peacemakers and their duty is to bring the contending interests together in council and to aid in the negotiations, impartially endeavoring by advice and suggestion to remove the separating barriers and make clear the way to a peaceful agreement.

The purpose of the Department through this service is to encourage a full measure of production, to preserve the welfare of the wage earner and to secure fair and just consideration for the employer. Employers and employees are both entitled to receive just returns for their respective contributions to production, thereby increasing the wealth of the world, which will insure greater comfort and happiness. Lincoln once said, "Discourage litigation. Persuade your neighbor to compromise, whenever you can. As a peacemaker, the lawyer has a superior opportunity of being a good man."

It is a recognized fact that you cannot solve the industrial problems presented in a trade dispute without also considering the public in addition to the workers and the employer directly affected.

The Conciliation Service has gradually become more and more a recognized factor in America's industrial life, as experience has demonstrated the effectiveness of mediatorial effort intelligently directed by experienced, impartial and diplomatic representatives of the government guided only by a desire to be helpful in settling differences between employer and employee.

While not always successful, it is undeniably the best method so far devised for bringing the contending interests in trade disputes into agreement. No hard and fast rules, no set policy is pursued. Settlements are sought through the spirit of co-operation, understanding and good will between the men who manage industry and the men whose labor is the basis for all industry.

The conciliatory method more nearly approaches the application of the Golden Rule; its principles are fundamentally necessary to harmonious industrial life.

Where there is perfect understanding, there can be no argument; where there is a broad tolerance there can be no friction.

During the past two years of readjustments more than thirteen hundred strikes or threatened strikes have been quietly and effectively handled by these industrial peacemakers, and a record of approximately ninety per cent of successful adjustments attended their efforts.

Directly and indirectly concerned in these cases were 2,196,525 citizens. For the most part but little publicity is given to the activities of the Conciliation Service. The very nature of the work requires that it must proceed quietly and unobtrusively until a settlement of a controversy is secured and then it has little news value outside of the immediate locality affected. Today, the recommendations submitted by President Harding for the abolition of the long hours in the steel industry have been accepted almost universally.

In the following address to the workers, Davis very clearly states his attitude. It is to be noted that he imposes upon them the necessity of gaining a victory over themselves by forgetting the old resentments. He stresses the importance of harmony:

"Every minute of industrial discord hurts, every moment of industrial harmony helps us all. From the moment when I became Secretary of Labor I began to preach this gospel of good will. Slowly we are getting it. You rail workers have it in your ranks in a splendid measure. It is true that you have your just complaints, but nothing better shows the good will among your ranks than your record of fewer differences than have occurred in other lines of occupation. You realize that the best way to gain your desired ends is by friendly negotiation. You settle differences with your employers around the council table. I expect to see that habit become universal among us. The thing we need is a victory over ourselves, over the old resentments. And I see that as being near at hand, when the importance of harmony is understood, and when the slightest threatening factor is quickly settled as it would be in a family council.

"We all have one supreme thing to keep in mind. This country of ours has become a great nation. It began as a little community of farmers. It has grown to occupy a continent where flourishes the richest life that history has to record. Nothing like it has existed on the face of the globe. No people have ever produced so much. No nation has ever paid its workers so well, or given them so rich a life. America stands first as a merchant, first in inventive genius, first in wealth and in power. The

whole world looks to us now for guidance and help. The vast social, intellectual, mechanical and business processes that have made up this great people are not a dead machine but a living thing. This living thing is ours to shape as we will. The life of this tremendous national organism lies in our own hands. We can wreck it with rancor. We can slow its growth with bickering. Or we can speed it on to advances yet undreamed of, by pulling together in the spirit of fraternity. On this long, long road of seven thousand years of effort there stands an invisible signpost which reads: 'To Brotherhood.' Now we are beginning to see the sign.

"Your organization has seen it. You have put it into your very name. And you stand at a singularly strong point for helping the spirit along. Holding a key position, you stand entrusted with a share in the preservation of the very arteries of trade. In that post of power you have acted with restraint, you have measured up to every duty, you have set a shining example to all other members of the larger, greater Brotherhood of Americans. In spite of those who may get out of step from time to time, be they workers or employers, I believe the whole people are swinging into line behind our sane and level-headed President and that we are marching on to ever enlarging opportunities for happiness among all the people, with a common understanding which alone makes progress possible."

At another time, when trouble was threatening in the meat packing industry, Secretary Davis wired all packers of the country:

"The Federal Government is deeply concerned about the maintenance of industrial activities, in fullest understanding, and hopes there will be no interruption of the continuity of employment in the great packing industry. If the department of Labor can be helpful in promoting understanding and can aid in any way to avoid the cessation of operations, such service will be given most gladly. The whole problem of industrial readjustment is of such widespread public concern that the Department of Labor, with the knowledge of the Department of Agriculture and Commerce, requests that two representatives of the employing packers will report to this Department to make possible such inquiry into the situation as may prove helpful in leading to a just and satisfactory solution. I am sending a like request to the employees and am acquainting them with this request to you. Surely there must be a just solution, and the good offices of this Department are tendered in the hope of finding that solution, which is so essential to the promotion of the common good."

In a telegram to one of the leading packers who was lukewarm in his acceptance, Davis thus expressed himself:

"When disagreement has arisen between men, I know of no way of adjusting the difficulty except on the principle of give and take. Both sides must yield something. At a time when the passions of men are stirred, it is not the part of wisdom to pour oil on the flames."

In writing John L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers, July 27, 1922, Davis observes: "Is it not as wrong to force men to an agreement as to compel them to work against their will, and would this not constitute compulsory arbitration? The President of the United States has no more power to force employer and employee to agree than he has the power to force a toiler to labor. He could not if he wished compel the laborer to meet the employer even in a conference.

"Law and order means safety for all of us and is needed most by the helpless and the weak. Every American is vitally interested in the President's declaration when he said, 'These activities and the maintained supremacy of the law are the first obligations of the government and all the citizenship of our country. Therefore I invite the co-operation of all public authorities, state and municipal, and the aid of all good citizens to uphold the laws and to preserve the public peace and to facilitate those operations in safety which are essential to life and liberty and the security of property and our common public welfare.'

"It seems to me it is high time that those of us who represent the wage earners of America should come together reasonably in our announcements to the world of policies representative of the working classes. I have the hope that passion and partisanship may soon yield to the higher impulses of the desire to serve suffering humanity and particularly to the suffering wage earners of America."

The following is from an address delivered before the Builders Exchange, Cleveland, Ohio, November 21, 1923:

"Everywhere, and in every industry, employers and workers are learning that they stand no longer in the relation of master and servant, as they stood for many centuries, but that they are co-workers, partners, whose joint and mutual interests march side by side. They are coming to know that the prosperity of industry depends upon production and that industrial warfare is production's greatest enemy. To end industrial warfare we must have understanding and cooperation between the men who manage industry and the men upon whose labor industry is founded. There have been in the past many deplorable conditions in the building industry. The whole system of contract construction and its relation with labor have been undergoing changes, particularly in our larger cities. I believe that these evil practices are all behind us, that the building industry has seen the light and is on the way towards that ultimate goal of all industry, the era of Good Will. We are making progress toward a period of Golden Rule in industry. In almost every line of endeavor the men who work for a living and the men who manage the industries in which they are at work are coming closer together, are gaining a better appreciation of each other's problems. It is clear to me that you are doing that in the construction industry.

"The misery and evils of the strike are well known to me. I have experienced the trials of the strike as a worker, and as Secretary of Labor a constant stream of industrial disputes flows over my desk. The tragedy of every strike, it seems to me, is that ultimately it is settled by negotiation. After men have been idle for months, after women and children have been brought down to the last crust of bread, the representatives of the disputing sides get together around the council tables and reach a settlement. They begin right where they were when the months of misery started. On almost every case, both employer and worker have lost by reason of the conflict. Instead of calling a conference after months of industrial struggle, I would have the conference called before the strike is begun.

"It is to the eternal credit of the leadership of American labor that the elements of anarchy and sovietism which have permeated the workers of so many countries have found no foothold here. The anarchist and bomb thrower have found in American labor nothing but stony ground for the seeds of their propaganda. American labor is truly American. It believes in those principles of representative government upon which our national existence was founded. It has and it always will reject any leadership which seeks to undermine those eternal fundamentals of liberty under law: the right of free speech; the right of free contract; the right of protection of life and property.

"It has been estimated that the industries of the United States lose annually \$200,000,000 by reason of labor turnover, and that the average cost to the employer of hiring men to fill the places of those who give up their employment is \$50. There is no joy that stirs the human heart that is so complete as the sense of work well done, of a task accomplished. Through all the ages men have found supreme content in doing the work that lay before them. I like to think of that Russian philosopher, Count Tolstoi, who, with all his learning and powerful intellect, found his real consolation in manual labor. He trained himself as a maker of shoes, and at his cobbler's bench he mended shoes for the family and neighbors as well as for himself. In working with his hands, he found content. In his own words: 'The happiness of men consists of life—and life is labor.'

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**I**NDIVIDUAL, not institutional assistance, is the belief of Davis. One of the first acts of Jim Davis as Secretary of Labor was to make an extensive survey of the conditions of the poor farms and almshouses of the country. It had always been a subject which struck a sympathetic chord in his early life—coming into daily contact as he did with working people. These are the people who usually recruit the workhouse in old age,

and plans to salvage lives that had been spent in hard toil was one of his earliest ideals, for he had with him constantly the thought, "what could my father and mother do in their old age if they spend all they earn on their children and if the children should die or become incapacitated or unwilling to help their parents?" He had read and reread his Dickens—whose novels, as is well known, have done so much to alleviate conditions in England. It was the present-day conditions on which he focused attention with one supreme purpose of lifting the ban of poverty and mendicancy incident to helpless old age. How his black eyes snapped with interest and kindness when discussing this subject so dear to his heart.

Institutional life should be society's last resort. In one of his last sermons Edward Everett Hale said from the pulpit, "What is wrong with our poor farms that they do not furnish a 'home'? What is wrong with our reformatories that they do not reform?" That is the opinion of Jim Davis. This is especially the case with regard to the poor farms in the country. The life of every inmate of a poor farm is a tragedy. The poor farm, as is used to be, no matter how well kept, offered no consolation as a home, no hope for the future. The silence, the repression, the gloom, the despair, the loneliness, the feeling of degradation, the desolation of these places tend to eradicate everything that is sweet and clean and lovely in lives that are sad enough already. There are exceptions, but these institutions are no longer labeled almshouses. It is a travesty on charity, on kindness, for every county or community in the land to set up an institution and label it "Infirmary" or "Hospital," "Almshouse" or "Poor Farm," into which must go the unfortunate poor. No intelligent being should be sent into confinement at a public institution simply because he is poor, nor does legislation by softening the name, remove the taint.

"The life of an inmate of an average poor farm is a tragedy," asserted Secretary Davis. "Take, for example, one case. Eighty-six years ago a young woman sent to an Ohio poor farm gave birth to a baby girl and disappeared. That baby today is an old woman. Her history can be written in a short sentence. She was born at a poor farm, has always lived at a poor farm, and will probably die at a poor farm. The poor farm has been her all, her world. The progress of the world since 1840, the miracles of inventions, the calamities of wars, the tides and affairs of men and nations have meant nothing to her. She has missed the joys of life, the delights of home and fond recollections of the past. All has been drab and hopeless, for there never seemed to be a future for a child born in a poor farm. Passing into the mysterious shadows from whence she came, the long years of her life wasted—dead, empty things in the lap of time. This is not merely a single case, but the oft-repeated version of the same old story."

# With Ludwig, the "Napoleon" Author

*A chat with the author of the biography of Napoleon that has created a world-wide revival of interest in the career of the little Corsican corporal*

By KATE ROSENBERG

**W**HAT impresses one immediately about Emil Ludwig's personality is his expansiveness and frankness, qualities that put those he converses with immediately at their ease. In manner, he is dignified, courteous and friendly. Not aloof, there is yet a certain reserve—a certain shyness about him, which arises partly from his being a visitor in a foreign country, and partly from his temperament, for Ludwig is not only a commentator on present-day-affairs and a biographer of great distinction, but also a poet. By that, it is not meant that he has written poetry—though he certainly has done that—but that in all his writings he reveals the intensity and the sensitiveness of the poet. There is in his style, a certain lyricism that you would expect to find in a poet's prose writings.

In appearance rather thick set, with a pale though not thin, sensitive face, lit up by dark eyes, his expression, if one reads aright, is like that of the dreamer and the mystic, in so far as these are allowed to express themselves in the face of the modern man of the world. Here you have Emil Ludwig—the dreamer, the mystic and essentially the up-to-date man, combining with an artistic temperament a critical interest in present-day affairs that is marked by a rare degree of acumen and clarity. In his conversation you find at one and the same time a comprehensive grasp of the subject and a viewpoint analytical yet sensitive and sympathetic.

He is very musical. This expresses itself not only in a love and a knowledge of music, but in his interpretation of life. "Rhythm" he said in the course of conversation, "is the whole secret of life. The man whose character lacks rhythm, who is out of touch with the rhythm of the universe, contributes nothing to the work of mankind. All life should be rhythm." And so he can feel the harmonious whole of a Napoleon who bestrode "the world like a colossus", or a Bismarck "the man of Blood and Iron".

Ludwig wants earnestly to understand, to get at the mainspring of things. "If you know the inner man," he said to me, "then you know all." It is the man's soul that matters, not the biographical data you get in Who's Who. I am more interested in psychology than in innumerable victories or defeats. For too long, history has dealt with the outward trappings of greatness; the great soldiers, for example, seem written up in history books as dull automata with dates and items attached to them. It was dissatisfaction with this lifeless and erroneous interpretation of history, together with a profound psychological in-

terest, that led me to undertake my studies of prominent historical and political figures—Kaiser Wilhelm II, Napoleon and Bismarck. In dealing with all three I have tried to reveal the man himself, to show the history of the spirit. We must learn that the spirit determines the man, and that

feelings and actions interact upon one another. Therefore, to understand the past and the forces of the past, it is essential to understand the character of the men who make it, the fundamentally human side with its strength and weakness. Only writing from this angle do I call myself an his-

*Continued on page 316*



# Preaching on the Apostle Philip Plan

*Reverend Dean Hamilton, a Pacific Coast Preacher, emulates Philip of Old and Preaches the Gospel on the Highways and makes converts from the passing throngs in the Temples of Out Doors*

By IDA L. K. CLARK

**A**DAPTING the method of Philip to modern conditions, Rev. Dean Hamilton of Burbank, California, a minister of the Baptist denomination for thirty years, is a twentieth century crusader, doing what no other person in the world, is attempting, so far as is known.

The masses have taken to automobiles upon the highways, and Rev. Hamilton has taken to them.

"It is something I have held in mind for years, and it gives me a wonderful, inspiring thrill," says Rev. Hamilton, speaking of his new method of reaching people.

"I found myself, after many years in regular ministerial effort, merely a cog in the machinery of the Christian world. Not that I have any fault to find with the church, it is important, and I am not fanatical, but I have decided to spend the golden autumn of my life selling Christ to men upon the highways, where I can reach many a one who never enters a church door."

Dressed in the best of taste, groomed to a nicety in every detail, and bearing only a brief case, Rev. Hamilton takes his stand at a point of vantage on the roadside and awaits the approach of an automobile which fills two requirements which the minister has established in his unique work.

The automobile must carry one man, alone, and it must be a fine car.

Explaining the latter, Rev. Hamilton says that he has always been most successful in his appeals, when dealing with the executive type of man.

As there approaches an automobile of his requirements, the minister, with his brief case under his arm, turns and faces the oncoming car. He lifts his head well, that the driver may see his full face, which indicates intelligence and culture, and a little smile comes to the way-farer's lips. He never asks for a ride, never lifts his hand—merely stands and smiles.

And seldom does the car fail to stop.

The minister admits that he believes curiosity has often much to do with the driver's decision to halt, for frequently he is asked if he is "broke," and why a man of his type is waiting for a passer-by to pick him up.

Rev. Hamilton, in the course of his life, has been a salesman on the road, and the lessons learned then, in approaching and handling his "prospect," together with psychology as it is modernly promulgated, are used by the minister, who styles himself a salesman.

"In these feverish days, there is no time when a big-business man is so relaxed as

when out by himself upon the highway," emphasized the salesman. "The road is like a floor; the car high-powered, and responds to the driver's lightest touch, and that is mechanical with him—everything is conducive to complacency. There is no telephone jangling, no engagement except the one at the end of the long road. I am sitting close to him, we are fellows traveling

In six weeks, the minister traveled 4600 miles, talking with sixty men, and of these, he said he is certain that twenty per cent definitely received the Christ into their hearts and lives. More than one, when parting with the newly-made friend, has gripped his hand, and with moisture in his eyes, declared: "You have changed life for me." One man, after relating domestic troubles, said: "I am going home a different man; it has been my fault, and things are going to be changed."

The highway pastor elects a definite destination when he starts. He has found that this is the best way, and he holds to this destination until he has reached it. During the first few weeks out, he made three trips to San Francisco, 450 miles distant; he went to Sacramento; to Salt Lake City and over the desert, and numerous journeys one and two hundred miles distant.

\* \* \*

Sometimes he rides only a few miles with one person; sometimes he travels with them for hours. On occasions when they have to stop for a short time, he has been invited to wait until they were ready to proceed. Meals and hotel rooms have been urged upon him, while more than once he has been escorted into handsome homes to meet the driver-host's family and partake of their food and hospitality, and in this, there has been no air of charity, but rather one of graciousness to an honored guest.

Up to the present time, Rev. Hamilton's expenses in this unusual undertaking, although small, he has met himself, but his private finances will not permit him to continue this, and he hopes to interest some wealthy persons who would contribute to his work as a worthy cause.

A little order, with Rev. Hamilton as the leader and his highway friends as members, is in contemplation, the order to bear the name: "The Fellowship of Philip," and a design showing a chariot wheel, has been drawn as the insignia of the order.

"To emulate Philip as he 'joined himself to the chariot and preached Jesus,' is my ambition and joy," said the road preacher as he spoke feelingly of his crusade of good will and soul saving.

There are many friends made in these wayside talks, which indicates that the world of humans is still hungering for friendliness as they did in the days when the Master and His disciples preached the gospel of Mercy to the multitudes that gathered along the roadsides in Palestine of old.



Rev. Dean Hamilton, Preacher of the Gospel on the Highways

in the same direction, and fellowship develops between us as we both face forward. In six weeks on the traffic lanes, I saw more smiles and tears, than in two years in regular ministry.

"I let my host lead the conversation. I am always courteous, never obtrusive. I do not toss my brief case onto the rear seat without a word, but politely ask if I may place it there. I endeavor to make my host feel that I am a gentleman every moment."

Having gained the interest, then the confidence and then a warm-heartedness, after having traveled perhaps a number of miles, it is not difficult for the gospel salesman to introduce the subject of his "line," without offense to the "customer." "The driver always says something which opens the way," said Rev. Hamilton.

# Oppenheim's Confession About Women

*"I don't understand them—hope I never will—because I love them," comments the master fiction writer of his time in a lunch hour confidence*

**M**YSTERY and its possible solution has intrigued the world since man began to think. Every great unsolved crime that shocks civilization sets the minds of every one of us to work in an effort to solve it, but it remains for the novelist to set it all down in breathless sequence and to unravel its mystery in a manner satisfactory to his audience.

The prolific pen of Phillips Oppenheim has probably done more to feed this craving for the mysterious than any contemporary writer. One hundred novels and innumerable short stories have flown from it; stirring, intriguing, all differing from each other in idea and plot and each with that thrill that sustains one's interest from Chapter 1 to FINIS.

Lunching with him on the beautiful terrace of the Hotel de Cap d'Antibes, we talked over many things. "Truth is so much stranger than fiction," he said, "that facts are of no use to us writers, since truth itself is of no use. I can never use actual facts in my stories because they would immediately be marked with the stamp of improbability. You will find that while the impossible may happen in truth it never happens in fiction, or else the world would laugh. I've written about many millionaires, for instance, but would I not have been thought guilty of exaggeration if I had created one who owned a fleet of airships to carry him in the twinkling of an eye from one money market of the world to another, who could send to Russia between tea and dinner, by aeroplane, for caviar for his fastidious guests, and who could juggle millions in astronomical multiplicity, like the great man who not long ago startled the world by his magnificently dramatic exit?"

"And as for coincidences, we writers certainly use them for our purposes, but the two ends of the circumstance are created in our own brains in order to further our plots, and we are very careful not to make them too curious. Our readers smile or thrill or admire, as the case may be, but suppose I were to include in any one of my books such a coincidence as came under my actual experience, what would you or any of my intelligent readers say, I wonder?"

And upon my interested query, he proceeded to relate the story.

"I was out for a stroll one evening in London with a friend," he began. "We will call him Major Pellington-Tripton—his name was not that, of course, but it was almost as unusual. Our talk as we walked along was on the subject we are discussing now, the strangeness of Coincidence, and the Major pointed out as coincident-proof

his own two names, saying he had never seen either one of them anywhere outside of his own family. As he spoke we had just entered a little street of semi-detached villas, each with its name marked up over its gate, a little street which neither of us had ever heard of before.

"Here, then," I said, pointing with my stick to a house on our right, "is where Father Coincidence has caught up with you," for over the gate was the name, "Villa Pellington," a shrine to his many admirers.

This was surely strange enough, but imagine our surprise when upon looking at the house on the opposite side of the street, we saw it was labelled, "Villa Tripton!" So there was his whole very unusual name, Pellington-Tripton, with the road for a hyphen. Now I ask you as one of my public, could I use such an incident in one of my stories? And it is absolute Truth!"

\* \* \*

Then came another pause, and he seemed rather to enjoy my confusion.

"As for crime mysteries," he went on in his charming, easy manner, "all great crimes are fundamentally simple. Then the law comes along and—well the law has to make a living, so it takes a simple case and complicates it, it juggles with the souls of men and women and devises tortures of which the most savage tribes would scarcely be guilty.

"Legal technicalities intervene between man and his primitive sense of justice. We should be much better off without courts of justice. Justice is automatic. Each man suffers for his sins in the way that hurts him most. 'Justice is mine, saith the Lord' and by that I think was meant, 'I, who know each man's secret weakness, know the punishment best suited to his sin!'

"In real life many great crimes or mysteries remain unsolved, but what sale would a teller of tales have for his books if his last chapter ended with an interrogation mark? And so it is with justice. We writers must of necessity constitute ourselves dispensers of justice, that is justice as the world would like to have it. The machinery of our imaginary courts of law

must work undeviatingly toward the goal of absolute justice. Our hero must be rewarded; our villain find his Waterloo. And instead of years we have only a given number of pages to work it all out in.

"But life is different—" and he shrugged, "Do you see now why facts are of no use to us writers?"

"How happy you must be in your work," I said, for his face was all aight with the enthusiasm he was feeling.

"I am," he answered, "but then unhappi-



E. Phillips Oppenheim, the Master of Modern Fiction, at his desk

ness is a disease. I'm never happy unless I am working. Directly a man leaves off work, he finds out what hard work really means, for there are few things more difficult than doing nothing." And Mr. Oppenheim's whole personality expresses this theory of his. One feels the inexhaustibility of his supply of ideas, the tireless enthusiasm which he pours into his work. "I am interested in everything," he told me, "things, events, men—" "And women—?" I asked.

"Ah, women—" he smiled, "I don't understand them and I hope I never will, because I love them. They are one of the reasons why Truth is so much more difficult than Fiction!"

After leaving it seemed as if I had read another Oppenheim novel. A practical appearing personage, there is something in the way he says things in ordinary conversation that makes one feel as if he were delving into a new plot for a rousing romance.

And with his productive brain still functioning in the interest of humanity by way of entertaining books he is above all a busy man.

# Stanley Baldwin's Love of Books

*The Ex-Premier of Great Britain proves a literary critic of high caliber—A self-educated man who retained a love of the classics in the stirring days of an eventful industrial and political career*

**M**R. STANLEY BALDWIN, former British Prime Minister, has a catholic and cultured taste in literature. He is, perhaps, the best-read man in Parliament, and certainly no one can vie with him in his knowledge of, and the splendid use he makes of, his real favourites, the Greek and Latin Classics.

Few men who have taken as prominent a part in business and politics have found the necessary time for books, but Mr. Baldwin literally makes time for reading, and confesses that his wide reading has made possible his service to his country, inasmuch as it has given him an intimate insight into men and affairs.

His reading of the Classics especially has helped him in his public life. It gave him "the possession of a sense of proportion, of a standard of values, and respect for the truth of words," which have proved an inestimable aid to political judgment. "So far as I have had a sense of proportion," he says, "it has helped me to assess the personal equation of individuals, distinguished and undistinguished, who form the House of Commons. So far as I have acquired a standard of values, it has helped me to estimate speech and the written word, and has saved me many a time from bowing to the idols of the market place."

Few public men to-day can claim to read Horace, Ovid, Virgil and Homer for sheer pleasure; yet this is the sincere claim of Mr. Baldwin. He believes that modern statesmen can learn much from the literature of Greece, "less in the direct historical succession, though more in the spiritual;" that much of the civilization and culture of the world is bound up with the life of Western Europe—"It is good for us to remember," Mr. Baldwin has said, "that we Western Europeans have been, in historical times, members together of a great Empire, and that we share in common, though in differing degrees, language, law, and tradition. That there should be war between the nations who learned their first lesson in citizenship from the same mother seems to me to be fratricidal insanity."

Mr. Baldwin is an instinctive judge of a good book. The first chapter is generally enough to determine his complete reading of the work. Most modern romantic fiction he treats in this way; a novel, to compel him to read on, has to ring true to life in the opening pages. The British Prime Minister touches nothing in literature which does not immediately satisfy his own inherited and instinctive regard for realism and truth.

Little wonder that his discriminating and discerning mind revels in Shakespeare, whom he considers "the greatest man the world has ever seen; one who had a profound knowledge of human nature and of the world. Shakespeare is one of the few poets in whom we find the magic which comes straight from heaven." In poetry, too, the Premier has idolized his favorites. Keats and Byron are to be found on the shelves of his library. The latter, espe-

of Mr. Baldwin, himself a typical example of all that is finest in a countryman. Of the naturalist, he says: "Hudson came from the ends of the earth, and re-discovered to the people, many of whom, even if they had eyes, saw not, and if they had ears, heard not, something of the beauty of their own country. He it was who made familiar to thousands the hidden beauties of our southern counties. He taught Londoners . . . names of beauty and romance which always fill me with profound gratitude that the names of flowers, of villages, of stars and birds, were given in those dark centuries, long before our people were educated and had the advantage of cheap literature and a popular Press."

\* \* \*

Mr. Baldwin glories in the high-sounding prose of all nations, and does not conceal his opinion that Cardinal Newman was one of the greatest masters of English prose. The form and sound of words intrigue him; making music delicious to hear. Goethe in Germany and Dumas in France are the Continental writers that he reads for prose and the expression of everyday things in word music.

It is a revelation to most people that in his reading and love of books, the former British Prime Minister claims to be an evening student. He says: "Many people tried to educate me, but the reaction was not always successful. A great part of my education took place after I had gone into business.

I would read nearly all night. This was the education, I feel, that did me most good . . . always have other interests which will keep you in touch with your fellow men and women. There is no real republicanism except that of literature. If I find a human face light up, at some quotation which everyone ought to know, that man, be he duke or dustman, is my brother. That is the bond of literature."

\* \* \*

The recent elections have given Stanley Baldwin an opportunity to enjoy his reading of books and come in contact with the master minds that are not saturated or influenced by present-day political illusions. His exit from Number 10 Downing Street was as he would have wished, without display or ceremony and possibly without regrets. The tremendous flapper vote for Liberal and Labor threw his party out of gear, but he still remains Stanley Baldwin, a lover of books and a patron of literature, past and present.



*Hon. Stanley Baldwin former Premier of England who has gone back to his beloved books*

cially, makes an appeal to him. In an address on Byron, emphasizing the fact that the discovery of the many and numerous claims to beauty of the Mediterranean were due solely to the poet's *"Childe Harold,"* he said, "the Mediterranean, now known to almost everyone in England, was practically an unknown sea. Byron found the eyes of the people sealed, and opened them." With characteristic self-revelation Mr. Baldwin tells why the poet appeals to him: "The side of Byron which impresses me most is that of the great and persistent workman in his high profession of literature. He worked as an artist must work if he is to leave his mark on coming generations. That is the part of his life which he kept to himself as the holiest and best of him, and he knew, as great artists do, the worth of his own work."

The works of W. H. Hudson, the naturalist writer, are also amongst the favorites

# Honors For Madonnas of the Trail

*Twelve heroic statues planned to mark ocean to ocean American highways. A movement inaugurated by Mrs. John Triggs Moss. First one unveiled at Springfield in the state of Ohio*

By LIDA KECK-WIGGINS

THE work of placing twelve statues called "The Madonna of the Trail" on the main American ocean-to-ocean highway has been completed by Mrs. John Trigg Moss, St. Louis, Mo., chairman, National Old Trails Roads Committee, Daughters of the American Revolution. The Madonnas are located at Springfield, Ohio, Wheeling, West Virginia, Council Grove, Kansas, Lexington, Missouri, Lamar, Colorado, Albuquerque, New Mexico, Springerville, Arizona, Vandalia, Illinois, Richmond, Indiana, Washington, Pennsylvania, Upland, California, Bethesda, Maryland.

The expense and labor of choosing the sites and traveling over the route was shared by representatives of the Old Trails Road Association. The choosing of an appropriate design, the perfecting of the prodigious plan of carrying out the project was the work of one woman's brain, i. e. that of Arline Nichols Moss (Mrs. John Triggs Moss) and her reports to the National Congress D.A.R. each year during the progress of the work were unanimously approved.

The achievement was made possible because of the background of a noble Revolutionary lineage, native patriotism and a deep humanitarian bent of mind. She is moreover a devoted mother and wife, a housekeeper who loves her home. Tact, a deep love for humanity, and an unmovable bent toward fair play proved invaluable assets in the big job.

Mrs. Moss is descended from one Timothy Matlack, clerk of that important gathering which formed the Declaration of Independence. Records show moreover that because of his excellent penmanship he was given the task of writing that immortal document. Mrs. Moss has all her ancestor's patriotism and she said lately when writing an autograph letter: "Like my ancestor 'Timothy' I write a good hand, so that you can read it as you run." On her mother's side Mrs. Moss is descended from Daniel Heath, who was with the New York troops in the Revolutionary War. He was a mere lad when enlisting, but soon won the rank of sergeant. He served, too, in the war of 1812. Mrs. Moss consequently "belongs" to the National Society of the United States Daughters of 1812 as well as to the D.A.R.

Her humanitarian turn found an outlet in service rendered to the deaf of her native city. She taught for years both in public and studio schools, specializing in the latter in corrective speech. So truly did she understand and sympathise with those deprived of speech that she became known

as "the angel of the deaf." After her marriage in 1901 to Mr. John Trigg Moss of Kentucky, she entered enthusiastically upon the duties of home-making. Two fine sons have given her natively strong trait of motherhood opportunity to function gloriously.

The story of this unique achievement is a biographic flash.

Mrs. Moss's record in the D.A.R. has been one of constant achievement. She served as regent of the home chapter—"the Cornelia Green"—so remarkably well that by-laws were set aside, and she was elected for a third term. One of the members of that chapter remarked: "She is unsurpassed as a regent." She is such a thorough parliamentarian that she is called upon constantly by many clubs to untangle knotty problems. She organized the St. Louis D. A. R. Parliamentary Club and is official parliamentarian of the Grade Teachers' Association of St. Louis. She was elected state regent of the Missouri D. A. R. in 1918 and is now "Honorable State Regent of that state. She served the National Society as Chairman of Conservation and Thrift and as Vice-President General. It was she who was largely instrumental in getting the organization to adopt the "plant a tree for every member" program. She is also official reader of the National Society D.A.R. Congress.

Mrs. Moss is a real comrade and pal with husband and sons, a fine housekeeper and a good cook! When speaking of that accomplishment she said recently "and I am proud to be known as such."

She is a beautiful woman, of blonde type with a spiritual quality of expression. She thoroughly enjoys a good joke, and seems

to be always "in a good humor." It was therefore a fortunate thing altogether that she should have been chairman of the Old Trails Road at a time when such a versatile person was needed to head the work.

A short time before the World War Congress, in response to urgent requests from



*The first of the famous Madonnas of the Trail, planned by Mrs. John Triggs Moss*

the National Society D.A.R., appropriated a sum of money to build the National Old Trails Road from ocean to ocean. The work was held in abeyance during the war, and at its close the D.A.R., having pledged itself to appropriately mark the road if Congress built it, set about to keep its word. It found however that the individual states and the automobile clubs had already done this. But, it had \$12,000 to spend on markers! Moreover it wanted to have a very definite part in the completion of the memorial road. So to its National Old Trails Chairman, Arline Nichols Moss, the National Society turned over the gigantic

*Continued on page 325*

# A Vision of the Desert

*A stirring story of Sheiks, young and old and a Moslem Maid that marks a high tide among American short story writers—In this thrilling tale Vance Thompson was at his best*

By VANCE THOMPSON

**P**ERE VOISIN, of the French mission, will tell you that when the Kabyle—lost in the desert—draws his cloak over his face and waits for death, there comes to him a vision of Tamgoutlalla-Khadidja—the Peak of the Lady. (Men of Cro-Magaon, who were the color of bistro, Iberians and dead Vascons; Guachos, Touaregs and Kebyles—the Peak of the Lady is the white mother of them all.) But when Zaid, the Amine of Taourirt-en-Tajdith, brooded in the desert, he saw a stranger vision.

\* \* \*

Facquerel was as well known in Fort National as Wasserman himself—and Wasserman was the Cantinier. He had served his time in the Red Zouaves, and then, instead of taking flight for Paris—as any sensible Parisian would have done—he had taken a little farm on the hillside just above the Jesuit mission, and “settled down.” Farming, however, did not seem to occupy much of his time. Every other evening he was to be seen in Bitterman’s Cafe, playing dominoes, or gloomily listening to the gossip of the Fort—the quarrels of the Tirailleurs and the Zouaves, or sous-lieutenant Levy’s latest explosion of ill-temper. And twice a day—at seven in the morning and two in the afternoon—he came down to watch the drills. A cigarette between his lips, his old forage-cap on one side of his head, one hand in his jacket pocket and the other fretting his hard, little black moustache, Facquerel would lean against the wall, watching the regiments march and countermarch, while sergeants and corporals raged and drums rumbled lightly. It was not an unphilosophical way of taking his pleasure. When the cart-horse is turned out to grass, he can find no better pleasure than watching his old mates toil along the highway.

The drill-grounds lie outside the walls of Fort National—a broad, dusty plain on the edge of the military road that stretches away to Tizi-Ouzon and Dellys. There were rarely any spectators at the morning drill. Sometimes Pere Voisin came down from the missions. Sometimes a few Kabyles, or Arabs on their way to the market, paused on the edge of the highway to watch the tirailleurs swarm up the fortifications, or the Zouaves bravely attack the thorny aloes; usually there was no one but Facquerel, sombre, silent, smoking his black cigarette.

One morning Pere Voisin caught him by the arm, shouted, “one, two, three, march!” and swung him round. Facquerel smiled.

“As you please, father,” he said; “but where are we going?”

“To the mission,” said Pere Voisin, “and breakfast.”

“Good,” said Facquerel.

“And to confession,” the old priest added. And this time Facquerel had no answer ready.

They turned off into a mulepath that twisted away under the cork-trees, and led to the door of the little stone mission house.

“Breakfast will come first,” said Pere Voisin, glancing down at the young man—for Pere Voisin was a great, white-haired, kindly old giant of a man.

“And then the confession,” said Facquerel, dolefully.

“Yes—the Paris mail came in last night.”

“I know,” said Facquerel; he threw away his cigarette and twisted up the corners of his little mustache with the resolute air of one who goes into battle.

It was not until they had finished the omelet and the salad, and were sipping their black coffee, that they returned to the subject. The Kabyle servant had left the room and they were alone. From where he sat Facquerel could look through the open door—just above him was his little farm-stead with its stucco buildings, and beyond rose huge masses of the Djedjura hills, and, high above them, the Peak of the Lady—one white glory—flashed in the morning light.

“The village is not in sight from here,” said Pere Voisin.

“No,” said Facquerel shortly.

“You have kept your word, my son? You have not been there? You have not seen her?”

“Not since she left, father—*Je suis de parole.*”

“I know it, Raoul—or you would not be my sister’s son,” the priest said, “but come, your father has answered my letter.”

“I am to go home?”

“He has left that to me.”

“He might have left it to me,” said Facquerel gloomily, “but let me hear the letter.”

Pere Voisin put on a pair of silver-rimmed spectacles, sought through the letter until he found the passage he wanted and read:

“We had all hoped that Raoul was cured by this time—Alas! it is extraordinary. That he should turn barbarian—at his age!”

“Is there any fixed age for turning barbarian?” the young man asked.

Pere Voisin read on:

“That a son of mine should wish to marry a barbarian—”

“Is there any reason why I should listen

to all that again?” Facquerel asked drearily. “I have heard it so often.”

“The interesting part is to come,” said Pere Voisin, and went on:

“I used to boast that no one could be more Parisian than my poor Raoul—born in the Cite and baptized at Notre-Dame and learned his trade with Briquet, the jeweler of the Palais Royal—and now (it is very sad!) he turns a barbarian! Of course, if he were a priest like you I could understand; then it would be noble; but at his age! Had his poor mother lived I am sure this would not have happened. Well, he must have his own way. He has had his share of his mother’s fortune. The shop must go to his brothers, who are not guilty of—”

The priest paused:

“It’s a tremendous charge,” he said, and then read: “who are not guilty of *lesse-societe.*”

\* \* \*

“I did not know that I was guilty of any disrespect to society,” said Facquerel, “but perhaps I am—after this,” he glanced through the open door, “the hills and the air of the hills and the friends I have here, I could not go back to Paris and the little shop in the Quai des Orfevres—’tis no right life for a man to sit on the bench, a glass screwed in his eye, tinkering old watches.”

“And then,” Pere Voisin remarked, “there is Yamina.”

“Above all there is Yamina,” said Facquerel, “no one knows better than you how much I love her.”

Pere Voisin folded up the letter and laid it aside.

“I know, I know,” he said, “you have made me believe in you. And yet I mistrust this—Yamina does not belong to your world. Your father is right, Raoul. She is a barbarian. No—no listen to me. She is a good Christian, I know, but against a year of Christian training there is all her life of paganism—the influence of her tribe and of her race. She is a sweet Christian soul in the body of a pagan.”

“You cannot understand,” said Raoul helplessly, “what is the use of going over it all again? To me she is just Yamina, the woman I love. It is because she is just what she is that I love her. You cannot understand.”

“No, I cannot understand,” said the old priest thoughtfully, “there is part of life I have never known. I will oppose you no longer. I have tested you for many months. You have been faithful. I cannot doubt the sincerity of your love. And Yamina?”

"I have no fear," the young man said proudly, "I told her I would come for her—she is waiting."

"You have your father's consent and mine," said Pere Voisin. "I will see that the Military governor makes no objection to the marriage—if he can."

"What can he do?"

"He will not object if Zaid consents."

"The Amine of her village?"

"Yes, he is head of the tribe."

Facquerel snapped his fingers.

"Do you suppose I care for that old Mohammedan?" he asked.

"If Zaid did not consent, the Military governor would not dare—not even he—to assist you. He will not risk a revolt for the sake of obliging an ex-Zouave, my dear Raoul."

"We'll get away to Algiers, to France, before he can hear of it," said Facquerel stoutly. "I have your consent—you promise to marry us—for the rest I shall take care myself."

"Nonsense, my son," Pere Voisin said, "you'd be in prison in a week. You must leave me to arrange matters with Zaid—he is an honorable man and my friend."

"I shall wait no longer," Raoul cried impatiently, "here for months I've been wandering about like a homeless dog, eating my heart out. I must see her. I shall go to her village today—"

"You will do nothing rash, my son?"

"Have I been rash, father? Have I not done everything you wished? The law says that. I did it. I had to wait for my father's consent. I waited. I have been patient, but now—"

He stood up and threw out his arms—

"I am going to Yamina."

"Perhaps you have done all I could ask," said the old priest, "you are a good lad, Raoul, but be careful—and tomorrow I will go to Zaid."

But Raoul was already running up the steep path that twisted up the hillside to the hamlet of Taourirt-en-Taidith, which is the Hill of the Dogs.

\* \* \*

The girl was slight and dark. The touch of red paint on her cheeks gave her an air of barbaric coquetry. Silver rings shone in her ears and round her little ankles were tinkling bangles. She was clothed from head to foot in soft white linen. She went swiftly down the long deserted street to the village, past the great barren mosque, where the dogs quarreled for shade. At the far end of the village, was a long, cool, open djama, built of rough blocks of stone. It was quite empty, and the girl sat down on the stone bench within. From where she sat she could see far down the mountainside—first Arba, where the market is, then the little French mission on a tree-cluttered ridge, farther down Fort National, and then farther still, the parched desert—a brown-grey blanket. By the shadow of the houses she knew the hour. The afternoon was wearing away. Soon the villagers would return from the market,—the men driving long, dusty lines of sheep and goats and asses; the hooded women carrying jars or cheeses done up in hides, or in the skins of Barbary apes—shot now and then, as they came pillaging the fig orchards.

The girl waited, with a strange anxiety of hope and fear.

Two months before she had come back from the French mission and drawn the white hair over her face, like a Berber woman. Zaid, the chief of the village, had seen her; then for days the men of her house had bargained and argued, until the price had been fixed; and now at nightfall Zaid was to claim the wife he bought. Once she had hoped for something else, and she had waited; but now she seemed to see all that her life must be—for a little while Zaid would smile on her and she would dance to please him; for a little while there would be sunlight and youth and tinkling bangles, and then another would take her place, and she would be sent to drag the plow in the olive-orchard, and labor with the beasts. There came to her a thought of all the women in all the years who had lived and suffered thus—the pity of it! She had seen the wives of the officers at the Fort. For them, she thought, life was a wonderful white garment of love. She could not understand—not even Pere Voisin could make her understand—why the old cruel law of her race must be laid upon her.

The shadows lengthened in front of the djama. She stared down the narrow road with anxious yes. She was waiting for the miracle to happen. What miracle? Ah! that she did not know. Perhaps one of the strange miracles of which she had heard at the mission—St. Michael with his sword, or some shining saint, all in silver and white, who should come swiftly to her aid.

"If it should be he," she whispered, suddenly; "if it should be he!"

A man came up the road, but she could not see very well for the shadow of the cork-trees; but somehow she knew it was he. He came swiftly up the hill, humming to himself some old song of the barracks. He was a straight and handsome young man, with black hair and a soldierly mustache and the light step of a Zouave.

At first the girl had started up as if to meet him; then she dropped her veil and waited. It was a moment before he saw her there in the shadow.

"Yamina," he cried; "that I should meet you here! Did your heart tell you I was coming? Did you know it?"

"I prayed you might come," the girl said, in the queer, precise French she had learned at the mission, "that you might come today, Raoul, before it was too late."

He took one of her hands in his.

"Too late, dear! I do not understand what you mean. You knew I would come. I had to wait until I heard from France; but now"—he drew her close to him—"now, Yamina, no one can separate us. Ah, you knew I would come!"

She threw back the white veil from her face, and looked at him with happy eyes.

"Yes. I knew you would come," she said softly. "My miracle!"

"And you did not doubt my love—in all these long weeks?"

"Had you not told me you loved me?" she replied. "No, I did not doubt; but it has been very long since Pere Voisin told me

I must not see you—must not come back to the mission; but now—" her eyes said the rest.

They sat down side by side on the stone bench, and Facquerel held her hand lightly and said:

"Listen, dear, and I will tell you everything. It has been a long, sad time has it not? but now the sadness is all done with. I had to get my father's consent. At first he refused, but Pere Voisin wrote to him and at last he consented. And now everything is clear. We shall be married by the laws of France—first at the Fort and then at the mission."

"But I am not French," said the girl sadly.

"When you are my wife you will be a Frenchwoman—"

"Like the wives of the officers at the Fort?"

"Just the same, only a thousand times more beautiful."

But Yamina started up.

"Tomorrow you shall be Madame Jacquerel;" and he laughed lightly as lovers will.

"Tomorrow!" exclaimed Yamina; "oh, I had forgotten—the Amine!"

"The Amine," said Facquerel, "to be sure; I, too, had forgotten. But Pere Voisin is coming to ask his consent, and Zaid will not refuse him—they are friends."

"But you do not understand—you do not know," she cried; "Zaid has been to my father—he has claimed me for himself."

"He has claimed you!" Raoul cried and then with quick, impulsive jealousy, he added: "and you would let him!"

"I? But what could I do? He has bought me, and—" she made a weary little gesture in which there was the pathetic resignation of the woman of her race—the sad acquiescence in life, which is the heritage of the veiled woman.

Raoul drew her down on the seat and gathered her tenderly in his arms.

"Forgive me," he whispered, and kissed her gently; then for a moment he did not speak; he realized now how useless it would be to ask Zaid's consent, and without it he felt that even Pere Voisin could not help him; not all the power of France was great enough to take this one little maid away from her tribe is Zaid bade her stay. And yet he would never, never give her up.

If he could only reach Algiers! There he could take ship for Italy, and in a few hours they would be safe—beyond the reach of the Berber law and the law of France. He knew that a train left Fort National for Algiers that evening. There was yet time. By tomorrow, when Zaid returned, they would be far beyond reach.

"We must go, Yamina," he whispered, "at once—and very far. Will you come?"

"With you, Raoul?"

"With me, dear—to be my wife—"

To Yamina it seemed that the miracle had happened. St. Michael had not come, but he had come.

"I will go with you, my Raoul," she said softly, "wherever you will—forever."

He stooped and kissed her face; then hand in hand they went down the narrow path under the darkening trees.

Up among the white masses and rocky domes of the Djedjura the last sunlight shone with fierce hints of red; the south was blocked with sombre clouds, and the wind fretted the tree-tops and whistled shrilly as it swept down the mountain.

\* \* \*

On all sides stretched the desert—like yellow linen. The sun flamed steadily out of a cloudless sky. Where the springs of the Seffthi bubbled there was a little verdure, ten paces wide and thirty paces in length. Three spindling palms grew there and cast a shade. Zaid's mare—prized above his creed—cropped daintily at the wiry grass. Now and then she peered at his face with eyes like a woman's, but he paid no heed. Huddled in his cloak he sat at the foot of the palm-tree, brooding. The eyes that looked out of his brown and bearded face were fixed on the far horizon, where the burnished sky met the copper sand. There was nothing to see but the glitter of this metal rim. Beyond it were the green folds of the foot-hills, the Fort and the French soldiers, the white-washed mission-house, and higher still, above the savage mountain stream, was the village; it almost seemed to him that he could see the sunlight on the mosque and the villagers gathered in the shade of the djama. The sun was still high. With fixed eyes he stared out over the flickering sands. The horizon faded. And then he clearly saw the street of his village and the dogs quarreling at the door of the mosque. He saw a slight girlish figure go swiftly down the deserted street—saw even the twinkle of silver round her ankles. He smiled gravely in his brown beard and whispered to himself:

"Allah who made the pomegranate, give me my fate!"

Give me Yamina with the dark eyelashes.  
Allah, who made the fig and the date, give  
me my fate!  
Give me Yamina, with the little ankles."

It was the song he had made for Yamina. He watched her pass on into the shade of the djama. He saw her sitting, a white, slight figure, on the stone bench and her thought:

"She is thinking of her lover, the chief, as her comes to her across the desert, she is thinking of Zaid."

\* \* \*

So clear to him was the vision that he could have counted the folds of Yamina's veil; so real that he could almost read the thought in her heart; and yet it seemed to be a vision in which there was no time—it raced past him like a bird in the wind. He saw Yamina, and then, she was not alone—he saw a man approach her, and she laughed and ran to his arms; and hand in hand they went down the hillside. Zaid did not breathe. His whole life was in his eyes. He saw the lovers laughing under the trees; and then—as an eagle stoops—he saw a black storm sweep down out of the south. Like a great flag the feathered snow flew out from the Peak of the Lady. Farther down where the snow rots in the hollows, the wind bred a tumult. Great ledges of snow slipped into the streams and the streams rattled it down. Of a sudden the rain fell—a dark torrent of rain. Zaid watched the streams racing down the mountain; he saw the tempest straining the tree-tops; and then the vision seemed to part that he might see Yamina and her lover. They were hurrying down the narrow road to the mission. He saw them running hand in hand in the darkness. The waters were tearing away the path beneath their feet. They came to the bridge and hesitated—for the waters dragged fiercely at the shaking structure.

Zaid started up with a cry—a loud cry of warning. His heart was black with wrath, and with a joy more evil than anger, but Yamina, the jewel of his heart, he could not see her swept to death; could not see the vengeance of his God fall upon the woman who fled from him, and the man who had robbed him. He knew the bridge—there upon the mountain where the gorge deepened—and he knew the footpath that led around it. She must not cross that bridge.

They came to the bridge. Again Zaid shouted out a loud warning, but his eyes were still fixed on that far horizon of shining metal, where the vision shaped itself for him.

Of a sudden Yamina caught her lover by the hand. For a moment they disappeared from sight. Then Zaid saw them running down the footpath, just as the bridge fell crashing. They stood for a moment as though dazed by the danger they had escaped; and he saw them hurry through the darkness and the rain.

The vision parted like a curtain; he saw them enter the warmth and light of the mission-house—he could see the candles flicker in the wind from the open door, the fire shining in the little stove, the old priest stretching out his kindly hand to the frightened girl. He could see the look of proud love on the young man's face, and it almost seemed that he could hear him saying:

"She is to be mine, father—this little Yamina of my heart!"

The vision faded. Zaid looked about him vaguely. Over his head was the noon-day sun. Round him on every side the metallic sands stretched away to meet the steel rim of the sky. His face was hard and grey. The mare cropped the wiry grass near by. Now and then she raised her head and peered at him with eyes like a woman's. But Zaid threw himself down in the spindling shadow of the palm-trees and covered his face with his cloak.

## With Ludwig, the "Napoleon" Author

*Continued from page 309*

history as readable as fiction.

"As with outstanding figures," he added, "so with masses and movements. You must understand this psychology, cause and effect, influences and tendencies, if you are to get any satisfactory grasp of the subject. Take the world at the present day. Bare facts are meaningless without a full and sympathetic appreciation of the forces at work, and this appreciation you cannot get without a truly psychological understanding."

Though he disclaims the role of preacher he writes with a definitely didactic object. "Napoleon and Bismarck, have lessons to teach the world, and the world is deaf if it does not hear," he said. "That is one of my reasons for writing these so called histories, but I myself am not at all a preacher."

He cannot but view his characters as an artist. "The task of the artist is to construct a whole out of the data furnished by

the investigator. I have been given all these facts," he argues, "these are my personal independent conclusions on the subject, and this my picture."

\* \* \*

He is an earnest talker, eloquent and quick but occasionally so eager that words tumble over one another in his desire to express a veritable flood of ideas. His conversation is extremely stimulating and interesting. He is very interested in the trend of public opinion in England, and in discussing present-day affairs he was full of admiration for two or three English politicians on the grounds that they were men of culture with broad horizon of thought and statesmanlike outlook. As to Europe and world problems, he thinks that never before has it been so necessary to have sane, logical thinking, a wise application of the lessons of the past and a determination to prevent war, the great destroyer of civilization at all costs.

# The Tragic Cleveland Clinic Holocaust

*Appearance of new Gases used for the saving of lives and Restoration of Health as well as supplementing the Economical Necessities of the Times brings tragic results in peace as in war if not properly handled and thoroughly understood*

By THE EDITOR

IT was one of the most tragic coroner's inquests ever known in history. The Clinic hospital gas holocaust in Cleveland, on May 15, 1929, carried a toll of over 150 precious lives and the cause still remains a mystery. It was a casualty and a tragedy of more far-reaching interest than any that has occurred in years. Long after the exhaustive investigations at the coroner's inquest, the new gases generated and the direct cause remains one of the mysteries that seemed to baffle chemical experts. A coherent story of this calamity was difficult to obtain because in a brief hour the history of gases and chemicals was all upset at the awful price human lives that had been devoted to the cause of helping suffering humanity. Relentless was the result of this outburst of Inferno, snuffing out the lives of eminent men of science and medicine, whose lives have been devoted to the development of the study of the very element that destroyed them. The old tragedy of the Frankenstein machine which destroyed its maker was re-enacted. A thousand versions from all angles of this holocaust coming from a thousand different persons replete with thrilling incidents is scarcely adequate to tell the whole story in all its dramatic and tragic interest.

\* \* \*

When I arrived in Cleveland and looked upon the mute brown smoldering walls of the building that was now a mausoleum at 93rd and Euclid avenue, thousands of curious spectators were still hovering about the scene of disaster, with that uncanny curiosity that always follows funerals or clusters about scenes of human distress. At that moment the flags of the city were lowered at half mast. Everyone about bared their head as the remains of some of the victims were being carried to their grave. A great mass of trinkets and jewelry, taken from the victims, which included many wealthy people waiting in that consultation room for help, seemed to sparkle in mockery at human pride. The very grass was still permeated with the poisonous and mysterious gas hovering over the scene where human beings turning brown and green had dropped in death while fleeing from the fatal fumes.

Now it all seemed like a dream and the story of one of the doctors of the clinic graphically tells the story. He was called to Ashtabula, Ohio, in the morning for an operation. Delayed in his work he telephoned to the hospital that he would return at eleven o'clock. Again delayed with the operation he did not return at the appointed hour and doubtless escaped certain death. When he arrived near the hospital he saw

crowds in the street and thought there was a parade of some sort. When he attempted to pass on to his own office he was stopped.

"What is the matter," he inquired casually. "An explosion and fire at the clinic." Then he dashed through the lines—nothing could stop him as he pushed on to render help in the tragic moments following the deadly explosion. The brownish green fumes were still coming from the building. It seemed like thin pea soup. Many who thought they had escaped suddenly collapsed and were soon dead.

It recalled the lines from Lincoln's favorite poem, "In the twinkling of an eye, in the draught of a breath, from the blossom of health to the paleness of Death." In a few minutes on this May day, the curtain was lifted on a scene that is etched as deeply in the memory of hundreds as the most gruesome of earthly scenes that suggested the sulphurous gates of Hell itself.

Within a few hours the experts on chemical gases had gathered from Washington, New York, Chicago and all parts of the country. Large cities had grimly despatched their coroners and health commissioners to Cleveland. Cables poured in from Germany, France and England, from those who had been for many years conducting a research into the mystic realm of gases. They were all mystified. Here were gases that defied oxygen, water, and the primary elements. More subtle than the poison used by Lucretia Borgia the Florentine, who dealth out death as a pastime to those who had failed to win her favor, it was then feared that poisoning might become a matter of common usage and finally extinguish the human race. This idea was echoed by present day pessimists who have drawn such gloomy pictures of the future as the aftermath resulting from this epochal calamity.

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The mental reaction of some of those who narrowly escaped the seething caldron of gas and those who were in the blaze centered on the phrase, "Thank God I escaped." Frantically one of the nurses recited her story with every other sentence indicating how glad she was that she had jumped out of this whirling cloud of gaseous death when she did. It was pathetic to hear some of the survivors relate their experiences. In every case it seemed to me that their minds had been somewhat affected by the fumes. The walls of the room were coated with that same deadly brownish green which had enveloped its victims in their death throes. The smoldering films of the X-ray room seemed to hold fast the secret of the explosion.

The marvelous discovery of X-ray with its ghostly penetration of material matter unfolding to medicine and science methods for curing and restoring human beings to health was now the cause of such a ruthless destruction of life. The X-ray was helpless in penetrating the causes of its own deadly work.

Curious enough fire underwriters had sent out a printed circular as recent as a month previous warning all hospitals of their X-ray departments. Here in this clinic was gathered the record of years that had salvaged thousands of human lives. Now it had proved the enginery of fatalities unparalleled in its mysterious death-dealing gases. Approaching as near to the scene as was permitted by the police I sat down on the curb of Euclid Ave. in the midst of the crowd and did some thinking. Hearts were touched as frightening stories were passed and retold from lip to lip. Just then two who had gone through the Satanic fumes and regarded themselves as safe collapsed and died in the hospital nearby. The mark of death was in the insidious gases unloosed. My mind reverted to the first great catastrophe that I recall reading about. It occurred when the railroad bridge at Ashtabula not far distant gave way and hundreds of lives were there on the sacrificial altar that marked the progress of building railroads safe and secure for the transportation of human beings.

Then I was impressed with details which I read aloud laboriously to a blind cousin. The outstanding memory was that P. P. Bliss the evangelist singer and composer of the songs I had sung that morning in Sunday School was among the victims. "Pull For the Shore" and "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning," were sounded like a requiem for the dead. Intently I studied his pictures and imagined that P. P. Bliss must have passed to the Beyond with the melody of one of his own songs on his lips. Analogous to this was the death of Dr. Phillips, in this recent catastrophe the brilliant young medical man who had scored as many victories in saving physical life as Bliss had helped to preserve spiritual life.

In the distance loomed up the Terminal tower, a landmark in Cleveland, a symbol of the progress identified with the growth of America. Under the shadow of this tower is the peace monument with its grim reminders of warfare in a fratricide struggle between brothers, kith and kin, for the supremacy of a principle involving the bondage of human beings. How many millions look upon this monument day after day with its suggestion of conflict and read the newspapers flooded with details of blood-

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# Cherry Blossom Kingdom Across the Pacific

*Picturesque Maytime glimpse of Oriental Japan which despite modernization retains the witchery and mystical lure of a country that differs from any other under the sun*

By CLIFTON PEASE

THE branches of the cherry trees meet and arch above a narrow stream. The trees are in bloom, and the blossoms are a faint pink. When the wind blows their petals fall gently upon the water's surface. A score or more of small boats are moving up and down,—little boats, about sixteen footers, square at one end and pointed at the other. The Japanese boatmen, clad in flowing kimona-like garments, stand in the pointed ends of the boats, and propel their craft, blunt ends first, with long poles. They call, one to another, in softly modulated voices.

Upon the far side of the stream, among

other blossoming cherry trees, a fair is in progress. Some of the booths are built out from the shore upon piles which have been driven into the stream-bed. All of the booths are gaily decorated. They are filled with all sorts of delightfully interesting things—clev-er toys, fans and



(Photo courtesy American Mail Line)

*When the wind blows, the Cherry Blossoms fall gently upon the surface of this stream in old Japan*

*The queer, twisted, gnarled old trees of Japan are oftentimes shaped into the forms of men or of animals*



(American Mail Line Photo)

*The up-tilting eaves of a Japanese pagoda make a graceful silhouette against the setting of the sun*

*Gleaming with tinsel by day and with paper lanterns by night, the charm of a Japanese festival clings to our memory like the never-to-be forgotten joys of childhood*

combs, silks and em-broideries, countless little things which are indescribably and beautifully made out of wood, paper and metal. There are all sorts of represen-tatives of gods and goblins and demons. There are side shows of acrobats and sword dancers and fortune tellers. There is a constant humming of voices in soft Japanese, the high piping of whistles and the booming of drums. We see a gay, happily-laughing throng of sight-seers, passing up and down. They are all clad in soft, easy, flowing garments, not brightly colored, except in the case of chil-dren, of whom, however, there are very many. And how excited they are!

In the midst of this colorful frivolity is the booth of a tall, angular Japanese. He is clad in loose, soft garments to the knees. His legs are bare and brown. He wears sandals, with a thong which comes up be-

tween the great and the smaller toes of his feet. He is quiet, impassive. His booth is the smallest one in the fair, and it is filled with a multitude of tiny wicker cages, from which comes a constant, high-pitched shrill sound. He is the vendor of Singing Insects, and, as he talks to his many customers, his is the softest, most gentle, yes, sweetest smile among all the people we see.

And why not? His customers are many. Some of them are rich. Some are very poor. The rich will perhaps buy a dozen—a hundred—of his little singing linnets—the tiny insects that shrill their high piping songs all summer long and late into the autumn in the fields and woods of Japan. The poor man may only buy one. But it is the song that each buys—that he may have it in his garden or in his hovel to remind him of the glory and the wonder of the great world of out-of-doors where Mother Nature dwells, alone, yet so serenely, so happily.

As our curtain comes down, very, very slowly, a number of small urchins run up to the vendor and gesticulate and point, de-

manding the prices of this cage and that, in voices that are almost as high and shrill as those of the insects themselves. The old vendor smiles his soft smile and pushes them gently away, promising to let each of them have a little singing pet when he has saved up enough yen to buy one.

Even as our curtain goes up a veritable pandemonium of sound bursts upon us. We are looking upon a motor-cycle race scene—at Hiroshima—just east of Kobe, on the beautiful Island Sea. A vast crowd of people, mostly Japanese, at least 10,000 of them, is gathered about the track. They press close to the guard rails, which gleam white in the brilliant sunshine. They are intensely excited, and the roar of their voices rises and falls like the sound of the sea in a storm. Japanese flags and bunting stream in the wind.

Yet above the roar of voices comes, constantly, another sound, a spitting, crackling fury, as motor-cycle after motor-cycle streams by in a tearing rage of speed. The exhaust of each leaves a cloud of pale blue

smoke in a trail behind it. At the sharp turns the machines swing wide and throw up great sheets of soft earth and dust. Sometimes, into the dun murk of this earth as it falls, following motor-cycles disappear, as if by magic, to flash miraculously into view upon the far side, still upright, still safe, still with a chance to win, still hurtling forward with a demoniacal fury of swiftness. Japanese riders—all—leather-jacketted, helmeted, goggled. . . . Clouds of dust . . . sunlight . . . tense faces.

The roaring of the crowd mounts to a higher pitch as the leading machines flash into the final stretch. The furious, deep-throbbing clamor of racing, high-powered engines breaks forth with renewed energy—louder—still louder. . . . A Harley-Davidson wins!

As the curtain comes down, the pressing, straining tenseness of the crowd relaxes. People commence to move about freely. The stormy, shouting clamor dies down to the soft murmur of a summer sea.

At the summit of a nearby hill is the en-

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## The Tragic Cleveland Clinic Holocaust

*Continued from page 317*

shed and crime and then we wonder with all this reiteration of the glory of force that we have not progressed far towards the ideals of an enduring peace and the outlawry of war as a policy of nations. High up in this tower I heard the stories of heroism and tributes to those whose lives had been given for what good will come out of this calamity. With misty eyes I heard friends paying tribute to the personal friends who had devoted their lives in building up the clinic, the scene of this appalling tragedy. The spirit of Cleveland was gloriously reflected in the announcement from eminent citizens and the Chamber of Commerce that followed pledging millions for rebuilding and carrying on the work of the clinic. The blueprints of the new hospital to rise Phoenixlike from the ashes were studied with the intentness of action in the work of rebuilding.

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In Washington I listened to the hearing of the chemical schedule of the new tariff bill some months ago. Here I was very much impressed with the development of what is known as the "gas tree" that has followed in the wake of the chemical developments. It was there declared that there were one hundred new gases unknown to human beings that had already been developed from natural gas alone. The ramifications involved in the segregation of these new gaseous elements that could be utilized for the benefit of humankind were another substance of harnessing science for human welfare. Chemical experts were amazed and stunned with the possibilities growing out of each new development producing a gas that could be substituted and utilized to economical advantage that would still further distribute and diffuse the advantages of comfort and convenience to more people than ever before. Then I thought

of the toll of life that has been taken since the years that illuminating gas was generally used. The death list from the aviation fields and the list of the casualties that have come in railroad disasters—all this the most gruesome record of the grinding wheels of the Jugernaut of Progress.

Even in the gloom of this tragedy to Cleveland we stand on the threshold of a gold era marking the progress of man in utilizing the invisible and unknown elements which an all-wise Creator has placed at man's disposal. The possibility of radio has existed since the dawn of creation, but man at last unraveled the mystery. We now seem to be reaching toward the completion of the cycle. Was not the world itself at first a gaseous substance like the Milky Way floating through infinite space that finally congealed into what we now know as Mother Earth. The very gases that have baffled the experts at the Cleveland clinic fire existed when the heavens and earth were created by the divine and supreme mandate which we are oft times likely to overlook in the comprehension of the purposes of existence and the price of our own achievements.

\* \* \*

Even anon comes the bolt from the blue. The shock that brings us again to realization that over all and beyond all there is much for the human mind and heart to learn—and the greatest of these is that humility and sincerity of the Master mind tuning in closer and closer to that of the myriads who have recruited the endless processions of humans going and coming along the pathway of life since humans were created. Out of the visible and invisible gases which precede the advent of all material substance with which we come in contact day by day—not knowing when or how, whence or whither—we come back

to a realization that there is much more to discover on earth—inspired by the Supreme Force of a Supreme Director of the destinies of the humans.

In the early afternoon I left Cleveland for Middletown, Ohio. Out in the open—looking upon the placid smiling green fields and appletrees in blossom, I thought of Johnny Appleseed, who planted the seed from which appletrees showered the state in later years. He was not a scientist and did not understand all the mystery of Natures laboratory—with its gases and chemicals which brought the beauty of fields, flowers and trees. It was all such a contrast to the sad scenes I had looked upon and yet the same mystical immutable laws of Nature were at work that brought the death-dealing harvest in Cleveland as that which evolved these scenes of restful pastoral beauty and floral splendor.

The cows in the field were grazing on grasses that provided milk for human babes and the sustenance of the human race. The sheep on the hills furnished the raiment of civilization from their snowy backs—all provided by the chemical process that has made the earth and the fullness thereof. This smile of a loving Creator was expressed in the epilogue of that day when a hundred or more humans had their rendezvous with Death. The same gases and processes will provide flowers for the funerals, grasses for the mounds of a hundred and fifty new graves—all from this one Supreme Source that has called the children of men from sin to repentance and given them the power and genius to exercise the mandate of balance, harmony and beauty represented in ideals of justice, equity and happiness for humankind in the ultimate—that is not always viewed through the inscrutable veil that marks the borderland between finite and infinite.

# A Shopping Tour in Spanish Sunshine

*A description of busy days in Spain where the compelling impulse "to shop" prevails as it has from prehistoric ages—Some of the experiences of an American Girl in Castillian shop*

By JULIE BURKE

OUTSIDE of the regular large city shops in the sunny land of Spain, one accomplishes nothing in the matter of buying, in a quiet, ladylike manner. The mere expression of a desire to purchase anything, from pins to jewels, becomes at once a tremendous problem to be discussed and solved by all surrounding natives and they, in turn, must call in their friends and relatives until finally one's own desire in the



Miss Julie Burke  
Shopping in Old Spain

matter becomes of relatively small importance. The only interest one is allowed to assume appears to be in the matter of price, and that is as variable as a weathercock; if one is interested in a certain article, lo! said article starts on an upward swoop; if indifference is displayed, there is a general trend downward accompanied by much shaking of head and shrugging of shoulder, but at no time does the matter lose interest in the eyes of the assembled multitude.

All this preamble, then, leads up to a certain day when in an unguarded moment I allowed my mind to wander toward goat bells, just simple goat bells, sweet little tinkling goat bells. I'm sure it sounds altogether innocent enough. It was such a nice-looking little goat, just being led in to its supper by a pleasant-looking Spaniard and its bell-laden collar made such sweet sounds.

In after years when the trying aftermath has dimmed, perhaps I can bear to remove the little worn collar from its dirty paper wrapping and recall the first rapture as yet—but I go ahead of myself.

It was in this wise one had become rather steeped in the sleepy atmosphere of a day spent in a tiny village—Toledo—picturesque natives lolling during the hour of siesta beside and astride heavily-laden panniered donkeys, and this peaceful jaunt to view the primitive threshing of the wheat all had conspired to produce a state of mind ready

to accept an aberration—that inexplicable desire to possess goat bells.

The month was July, the heat still burning, and I stop here to declare that nowhere on this earth can the sun shine with greater intensity; even so, I hardly suggest that I was slightly touched, so to speak. However, from the shelter of the shady tree under which I was seated, I watched the aforesaid picturesque Spaniard leading the little goat along and possibly in this desert land the liquid tinkle of its dozen tiny bells was my undoing; but whatever, I followed the sweet sound as was followed the Pied Piper, into the courtyard, and with a gesture toward the little goat's neck and the aid of my limited Spanish, indicated my desire to buy the bells. I feel now that all would still have passed off easily had not the mother of the young man been there. The young man shrugged and removed the bells while I held out an alluring peseta, equivalent to seventeen cents, at which the mother turned calculating eyes upon me and muttered something swiftly in a low voice to her son who, ignoring her hint, reached for the money, whereupon she clutched his outstretched arm and without warning uttered a piercing shriek: "Juan! Pepita! Maria! !!" and at once at each window appeared heads; a few more unintelligible words and shrieks issued and out rushed these three and a score more, and I found myself in the midst of a jabbering, sweltering crew who all talked at once and in most unnecessarily loud tones, pointing constantly to me and to the bells and all in all seeming to indicate that I was about to commit the most unpardonable bit of knavery extant. Dark faces glowered, swarthy arms waved wildly and my poor stunned senses reeled at this tempest in a teapot I had so unwittingly aroused. Turbulent faces danced before my eyes, figures flashed in and out of the picture as they do in a fast-run movie, while "Quanto esa?" "Una peseta?" "Madre di Dios" rang in my ears. Feverishly they milled around, wise heads cocked on one side as they debated, undoubtedly, how one so fair could bear to show such duplicity. I caught occasional snatches of sentences, "the little bells of his father," "the wealthy Americans," etc.

Excitement was at a fever pitch, apparently it was developing into a national question; no one could seem to settle on anything and the mob was assuming proportions. Each newcomer had to hear the whole tale, and there were so many newcomers. Swayed by the herd instinct, I was almost at the point of throwing myself heart and soul into their great cause against—well, but there it was—I was the great cause, but over what I was in a fair way of forgetting.

Awakening from my absorption, however,

and thinking that this might be the opportune moment in which to make a quick get-away, and feeling my interest in goat bells waning to a dead level, I edged toward the gateway, only to be shouldered back to the front as a huge mustachioed gentleman, wearing a tall, square black hat, appeared. Hand on hip, he contemptuously surveyed the whole lot as with one accord they fell on him as a savior of humanity. I stood with downcast eyes, a persecuted figure indeed, awaiting my fate, while over the rabble with a stern eye he regarded me. Then he opened his lips and words followed, words of inquiry, I gathered, and the deluge broke loose once more.

A furtive glance showed me the wee goat serenely munching an old rag, and of course I now regret the calumny that I mentally directed toward His Innocence.

Obviously the big man was displeased. "Una peseta!" he roared, "Car-ramba!"



A Picturesque Street Scene in Old Spain

Under which I shivered and shook, as striding through the crowd he stood before me shaking three fingers under my nose. "Tres pesetas, Señorita, tres pesetas."

I computed rapidly—fifty-one cents—a mere nothing, if it meant escape.

"Si, si, gracias, Señor," I gasped, as I fumbled in my purse and placed the cart-wheels in his hand.

*Continued on page 325*

# Following the Footsteps of Father Abraham

*Making the Trek in an Automobile from the Land of Ur on to the Promised Land of Palestine over the route Following Father Abraham with his Flocks*

[From Joe Mitchell Chapple's new book "To Bagdad and Back"]

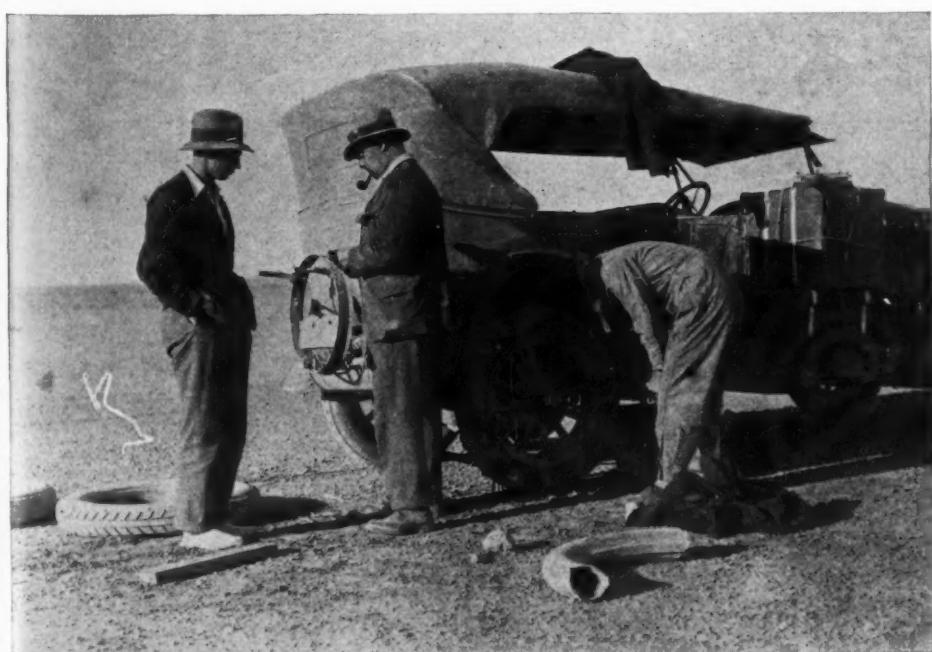
**A**T eleven o'clock old Sol was working full time. The heat was coming down with almost equatorial directness. Pitilessly he continued to shoot his rays. While the canopy was impregnable, the "burning sands" made me long for a rope and camel's milk. Amid hot winds the motor car sped along like a thing alive and I put on my Shrine "fez" and said "Islam" quick. Memories of the "hot times" at Mecca Temple ceremonial in New York were cool and refreshing in comparison.

To rest my weary anatomy, I changed cars at this junction, seating myself beside Jerry Nairn, one of the Nairn brothers, who came to Palestine from Australia. They blazed the first transport trail and made the Syrian desert safe for a democrat. A treaty with the sheiks roving the land made it unnecessary to go armed and possible to proceed unharmed in a district where many were "held up" for a round ransom before the Nairn boys and the Union Jack appeared upon the scene. The Nairn Transport Company is the result of the Nairn Brothers pioneer days in the Orient, following their service in the war.

Then came the blow-out. Jeff remarked to me, "Well, you're a real mascot!" It went off like a 75-centimeter gun. The barrage that followed seemed to blow out everything in the horizon of the tire circle.



Soudanese passengers waiting to board a river steamer, Khartoum, Soudan  
Commerce on the ancient River Nile



A real "blowout" in the sea of the Syrian Desert

Jeff swore soothingly and stripped for action, leaving on his abbreviated aviator pants.

During the interval one of the passengers brought out a tiny "Peter Pan" phonograph. The wailing minor refrain of "What'll We Do" rang out on the desert air. How Irving Berlin would have enjoyed this far-away cry of his popular song served as canned music in the desert! Out in the heat of the sun there was a million of the stickiest and the most sociable flies in creation buzzing around. They pestered with more familiarity than mosquitoes at a Sunday-school picnic in Jersey. It seemed as if it took hours to put on that new wheel, though in reality it was less than twenty minutes. When we were beginning to enjoy the music Jeff interrupted, "This is no time for music," and he blew his Gabriel horn, after signalling "all right" to the other wanderers of the convoy following behind.

Twelve o'clock high noon—and high temperature. I watched the dial of my time-piece, expecting every second to hear the staccato report of another exploding tire as a call to lunch, but I was disappointed. Silence brooded like a "beefsteak" spirit over midday's hungry hour. Jeff said this was

a "no stop" mail express, and the request to eat seemed to only resound hot air echoes from afar.

In the distance was the mound marking the boundary between Iraq and Syria. It appeared not far away, but Jerry said it was many, many miles away off on the direct trail to Aleppo. For centuries past

اعلى بن شعرا  
محمد بن سعيد  
الله بن شعرا  
محمد بن الحسين بن شعرا  
الله بن كرمان  
الله بن عيسى بن شعرا  
دودي شعرا  
عثمان بن شعرا و دودي  
صريق عيسى بن نجاشي

Signatures of Desert Sheiks

the patient, slow-moving camels have trod this path on the way to the countries that lie beyond, where a few days of time was never counted much in the span of life.

At one o'clock came a slight waning of the sun's heat. There was not a factory whistle—not a sound of any kind to call from refreshment to labor and break the monotony—we just bumped onward and the springs seemed to get tired.

At two o'clock Jeff stopped short, rubbed his stomach and said, "Let's have a dish of tea." Those were welcome words! It was rather early for our lunch, but we were trying to consolidate meal hours in order to save time. In a few minutes we sat down to another cup of steaming tea and a bit of biscuit, sandwiches with tomatoes—and chicken. We finished off with some of the desert's delicious tiny apples. Oriental apples never grow large or red. They are small and green, full of juice that quenches the thirst. I think I chewed those apples longer than camels usually chew their cuds. Then, American fashion, I tried chewing gum to allay thirst.

Here and there we came upon the wreck of an automobile stripped of all parts, or the skeleton of a camel or donkey—gruesome reminders of the casualties of the desert. The white air furrow lines we fol-

lowed were provided for the use of aviators, who, in following the lines, are able to give location in event of a crash in the desert. Otherwise rescuers would have to search over hundreds of square miles of desert land.

I gulped some more water. H<sub>2</sub>O is precious in the desert. At some airport stations the same water used in shaving is utilized to help out the bath supply, and in some cases is again filtered in stone bottles and used for drinking purposes.

Something of modernism has crept in even here. At the air post station, aviators with helmets and abbreviated khaki trousers were "tuning up" their engines and getting their machines ready for a flight over the desert, as casually as if they were planning a Sunday excursion to Atlantic City.

Nearby in the desert was an Arab graveyard from whence came a gruesome nerve-racking sound of lamentation. There the women of that little place in the desert had gone to spend the afternoon wailing for their dead—just as the faithful do in Jerusalem.

At four o'clock we petitioned Jeff for a rest and terrapin soup, but there was nothing doing. He claimed we were a little behind our schedule. Four is the restless hour, when you begin to think of dinner, and the English always put the tea-kettle on to boil.

"Five o'clock," Jeff sang out. It seemed impossible. It seemed as though we had spent ages in the desert, and yet it was only twenty hours since we had started.

Six o'clock and I began to lose count. We were on the home stretch, but there was no stretching of legs. For more than a day we had been sitting in a cramped position as the machines cut off miles and miles of decimated space according to the map, but it seemed as if we would never reach Damascus. Refreshing it was to just feel a large area of dry farming land, watered only once a year by rain, fortified by irrigation ditches, and see the Lebanon Mountains in the far distance.

The children of Israel are said to have spent forty years in the desert. How they existed I don't know, but it will be observed that ever since there has never been a rush for homesteads on these parched reservations.

Humans seem to come closer to the all-seeing eyes of Jehovah out in the open of the desert. These endless seas of sand have a strange lure—a fascination—a something that cannot be explained, possessing even the charm of a paradise in some ways in meeting the relentless craving for change.

In the far distance were the olive trees which guided us along the river, where we met groups of donkeys and camel caravans on their way "somewhere across the desert." They were making an early evening start, bent on doing as much traveling during the cool of the night as possible.

Far on the rim of the horizon was the skyline of Damascus, the oldest inhabited city in the world. With its river of living waters, its minarets and turreted towers and lofty Mt. Hermon in the distance, it is renowned as the one great oasis city of the world. No wonder they call it the "Gateway to Paradise." What a haven it seemed to us as we strained our eyes to make out every detail of the dark spots. Thrilled with expectation as the automobile chugged toward Damascus, an explosion broke the silence. "Blow out, I'm blowed." Off came an extra spare in the rear. The delay allowed the other cars to catch up with and pass us, and we had to bite their dust for a while. But Jeff knew more about this section of the country than the other drivers, and old "49" was soon in the lead again.

He veered about to the right. Then the seven machines began to scatter playfully and disport themselves over the wide flat area as we made the home stretch to Damascus.

The stars began to twinkle for another glorious night on the desert as if challenging the tiny electric bulbs shedding their radiance upon old Damascus where the Apostle Paul "saw the light." The Arab

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A Group of the Desert Sheiks with the Editor of the National

## Honors For Madonnas of the Trail

*Continued from page 313*

task, and, she was equal to it! Advising with her gifted artist son John Trigg Moss, Jr., Mrs. Moss decided to honor pioneer motherhood through the statues. So the figure of a mother of the covered wagon days was selected. Mr. A. Leimbach, sculptor of St. Louis, was chosen to mould the statues, and the material selected was Algonite,—a poured mass, the main aggregate of which is Missouri marble. The statues are a warm pink in color. The statues have a height over all of 18 feet. The design is of a figure garbed in homespun, only the dainty bonnet suggesting femininity. Strength, courage, robustness radiate from figure and face, and the onward urge is suggested by the foot, in front stride position, trampling a thistle! Yet motherhood is eloquently suggested by the way the left arm cradles an infant, and by the glance of the eyes toward the small boy clinging to her skirts. Protection for home and children is suggested by the rifle grasped in the right hand.

Shortly after the statue idea had been accepted unanimously by the National D.A.R., the National Old Trails Road Committee offered to co-operate both in bearing the work and the expense of the undertaking. This offer was gratefully accepted.

\* \* \*

From the offices of this society Mrs. Moss sent out letters to every town and city through which the Road passes, asking for historic data, upon which claim to the statue-site could be made. Mrs. Moss and a representative of the assisting society, visited in person every site, and then appointed state groups to help in completing the work. The personnel of these State groups was made up of the State Regent D.A.R., the vice-chairman of the National

Old Trails Road Committee in charge of the state, the National Chairman Old Trails Road Committee, of the D.A.R.; the President and Secretary of the National Old Trails Road Association and one business man from each of the two best places submitting data in the state. These men were appointed by the Chambers of Commerce of their respective cities.

In all this preliminary work much tact was needed and shown by Mrs. Moss, so that none of the places who were not awarded a statue could feel themselves ill-treated in any way.

When the sites had all been chosen suitable unveiling exercises were held, and at each of these Mrs. Moss was present. A sentence used by her on one occasion is revelatory of her own conception of the ethical and patriotic significance of the Old Trails Road and of other National Trails. She said: "The trails are the autograph of a nation written across the face of a continent."

I stood at the side of Arline Nichols Moss when at Springfield, Ohio, the veil dropped which revealed the first of the completed Madonnas to be placed. I felt her tremble. I saw tears well in her eyes. I whispered to her "I know just how you feel." She smiled then and said: "Pardon me, but you cannot imagine how much it means to me to see my dream of the blessed Madonna of the Trail a reality at last." I replied as I pressed her hand: "I think I understand, dear," and I am sure that all who read will likewise realize what it meant to see the glorious Figure silhouette itself against the blue of a July sky, and to observe that somehow it cast over every heart present the spell of the covered wagon days!

### THE MADONNA OF THE TRAIL

*Read by the author at the unveiling of the Ohio Madonna of the Trail Statue, Springfield, Ohio, July 4, 1928*

A symbol she of womanhood  
Which in our nation's early day  
Beside its men undaunted stood,  
And for our future blazed the way.  
Her garments are of homespun weave;  
Her feet rough-shod for wear and stress;  
One arm supports and infant's form;  
A little lad clings to her dress.

Upon her head a bonnet small  
With silken strings is neatly tied;  
Yet, grasped with fingers sinewy  
Is carved a musket by her side.  
Her face combines most wondrously  
Grim courage and sweet mother-love;  
Her tight-closed lips show iron will;  
Her eyes are turned to things above.

A rugged beauty hers like that  
Of mountains towering toward the blue,  
Yet, clothed with tender green of trees,  
And fragile flowers of lovely hue.  
Heroic, glorious there she stands  
Beside the road which in her day  
Was broken by the wagon wheels  
Which ever westward took their way.

While they—the grand old pioneers—  
Who marked the trail for you and me,  
Were clearing forests, planting seeds,  
And hunting game their food to be;  
The loyal women labored too  
At home, with souls sublimely good,  
To cook the food, to weave, to brew,  
And to conserve the motherhood.

So we who live beside the way  
Which like a bond of tempered steel  
Has held together East and West  
Through days of sorrow and of weal  
Now place an image far aloft  
That never passerby shall fail  
To see, to honor, and to love  
The Great Madonna of the Trail!

## Face to Face with Presidents

*Continued from page 300*

came every other day—the deadly work of the festive mosquito.

Let us cut ahead as they say in the movies into the picture of his tragic last days of Mount McGregor—in the Adirondacks, where he fought the great battle of his life to complete his Memoirs before he should sheathe his pen that wrought peace as he had sheathed his sword in war. People read the newspapers each day breathless of the insidious progress of the cancer that sealed his voice, was eating his life away hour by hour. Following his triumphal tour around the world came the financial crash of the firm in Wall Street that he had joined upon his retirement as president. The catastrophe shortened his life, but, like Walter Scott as an author, he fought the fight to the finish to clean up his financial crash as the shades of death closed in upon him—a valiant soldier to the last breath.

Now I recall the pictures in the papers

and magazines of General Grant sitting on the veranda—looking out upon the Western skies in the Adirondacks, awaiting the summons of the Prince of Peace. He closed his mortal eyes in the Empire State where he had lived after his retirement from the Presidency, amid the sweetest and saddest memories of his life. This encouraged New York to claim for its own—the son of Ohio—reared in Illinois, the state of Lincoln, who had become another of America's beloved heroes, to rest in peace on the banks of the placid Hudson.

How fitting it is that one of the soldiers with Grant in the Vicksburg campaign should be with us today. Judge Oscar Mitchell is sitting before me. He often saw Grant in his blouse and the simplicity of his military headquarters in the field. He also met him later in the White House. During the crash was heard one of the greatest orations ever delivered on the battle field. When Lincoln issued the emanci-

pation proclamation there was a protest among soldiers of opposing political faith, encouraged by the order of the Golden Circle. General Grant ordered his army stationed at Miliken's Band opposite Vicksburg to report at his headquarters. Some of the objectors were sullen in the march but obeyed orders. General Thomas made an address explaining the situation to the soldiers. When he had concluded General Grant, standing at his side, stepped forward and shouted in stirring tones to the men with whom he had faced death, "I propose three cheers for Abraham Lincoln and the emancipation proclamation." That was all he said, but the effect was magical! The soldiers cheered for their beloved commander as well as Lincoln and staunchly responded to the command. Forward! as the brass bands played "Glory, Glory Hallelujah!" This incident was accounted one of the turning points that saved Lincoln and the Emancipation Proclamation, which

*Continued on page 326*



# Tickleweed and Feathers

Aunt Florence sent little Evelyn to the store one Saturday afternoon to buy some lace. After wrapping it up, the clerk said:

"There are ten yards of lace at 12 cents a yard; how much does that come to!"

To which little Evelyn pertly replied: "Well, I'm not going to tell. I have to study arithmetic all the rest of the week and I'm not going to bother my head with it on Saturday."—*Los Angeles Times*.

\* \* \*

The meek little man was walking back from the funeral of his big and masterful wife. Suddenly a dislodged slate whirled down and landed with a resounding crack on his head.

"Gosh," he murmured, looking up. "Sarah must have reached Heaven already."—*Border Cities Star*.

\* \* \*

Meeting his pet enemy one day, Jim observed affably:

"I was saying some good things about you to a man this mornin'."

"You was!"

"Ya'as, I said you has the best cattle and sheep of any farmer I knowed. An' what was more, I said that pair o' horses o' yours was the finest in Essex County—wuth at least \$800."

"Who'd you say it to?" queried the flattered foe.

"The tax assessor."—*Border Cities Star*.

\* \* \*

\* \* \*

"Do you suffer with rheumatism?"

"Certainly, what else could I do with it?"—*Judge*.

\* \* \*

"When the tourist arrived home he fell on his face and kissed the pavement of his native city."

"Emotion!"

"No, banana skin."

\* \* \*

Medical Specialist: "If anything comes to worry you, cast it aside."

Patient: "Thanks, doctor. I'll remember that when your bill comes in."

\* \* \*

Cop: "Why didn't you stop when I called to you back there?"

Driver (with great presence of mind): "I thought you said, 'Hello, Senator!'"

Cop: "Well, you see, Senator, I was going to warn you about going too fast in the next town."

\* \* \*

New Bride: And what would I get if I cooked a dinner like that for you every day!

The Groom: My life insurance.—*Royal Aranum*.

\* \* \*

Woman: "These stockings have a ladder in them."

Scottish Storekeeper: "Well, what do you expect for sixpence—a marble staircase?"—*Answers*.

\* \* \*

Embarrassing moment—A barber was shaving a new customer. "Haven't I shaved you before, sir?" said he. "No," said the customer, "I got those scars in France."

\* \* \*

## Careless of Him

Boy (home from college for the week end). Have you seen my new belt around the house?

Mother—No, did you put it around the house?—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

\* \* \*

"Am I the first girl you've ever kissed?"

"As a matter of fact, yes?"

\* \* \*

The policeman entered the restaurant and with great dignity announced to the man at the table next to ours: "Your car awaits without."

"Without what?" retorted the rather loud-mouthed gentleman.

"Without lights," said the cop. "Here's your ticket."

\* \* \*

"What's your name?" inquired the traveler.

"George Washington, sah?"

"Well, that's a name everybody knows."

"If it ain't, it ought to be. I'se been drivin' this yere hack in dis yere town foh thutty years, suh."

\* \* \*

"I saw the doctor about my loss of memory."

"What did he do for it?"

"Nothing yet. He wants his pay in advance before he starts treatment."—*Glascow Evening Citizen*.

\* \* \*

Lady of the House (interviewing a new maid)—"And, now, Nora, are you efficient?"

Nora—"Indade I am that, mum. In my last place ivery marnin' I got up at four, made me fire, put the kettle on, prepared the breakfast, an' made all the beds before anyone was up in the house."

\* \* \*

Fortune Teller: "Would you like to speak to some departed spirits?"

He: "Yes, to Johnnie Walker."

\* \* \*

A lady motorist, whose car had swerved across a suburban street and crashed through a plate glass window, was being questioned by the local police sergeant after the accident.

"Surely on such a wide street as this," said the interrogator, "you could have done something to prevent this accident!"

"I did," the delinquent assured him quite earnestly; "I screamed as loud as I could!"—*Sidney Bulletin*.

\* \* \*

They entered the panelled hall, and the rich manufacturer pointed to the magnificent appointments.

"See," he said, "I chose every piece myself."

Suddenly the guest caught sight of a magnificent picture and stared perceptibly.

"Ah," remarked the other, pointing to the distinguished cavalier that stared haughtily down at them from his gilded frame, "that is one of my ancestors."

"And he was very nearly one of mine," returned the visitor. "I bid up to £500 for him myself."—*Border Cities Star*.

\* \* \*

## The Chief Cause of Divorce

"What brought about your separation?"

"Marriage."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

## Green

"Hey, you, why is the water below the falls green?"

"I'll bite."

"It just came over."—*Bison*.

\* \* \*

Shop assistant—This doll is like a real baby. It will close its eyes and go to sleep when you lay it down.

Weary parent—But I thought you said it was like a real baby!—*New Orleans States*.

\* \* \*

"When a man who bores me asks me where I live, I always say, 'In the suburbs.'"

"Aha. That shuts him up, doesn't it! But, I say, where do you live?"

"In the suburbs."—*Montreal Star*.

\* \* \*

Political supporter—Are you finding the campaign interesting?

Would-by M. P.—Well, I am certainly learning a lot about my past I never knew before.—*London Times*.

\* \* \*

The guest—I say, waiter, I believe it's bad form to speak disrespectfully of one's elder!

The waiter—So I 'ave 'eard, sir.

The guest—Then I will be silent about this chicken.—*Cleveland Press*.

\* \* \*

The small child was talking to a kitten which she held tightly in her arms. A thoughtful pause caused her mother, who was sitting behind her, to pay some attention to what was coming next.

"Kitten," said the infant, "I know all your little brothers and sisters, an' I know your mamma, but I ain't never seen your papa: I spec he must be a commercial traveler."—*London Globe*.

\* \* \*

"Billy, do you know what happens to little boys who tell lies?"

"Sure, they ride for half-fare."

\* \* \*

Little Willie: "Mamma, is papa going to heaven when he dies?"

Mother: "Why, son, who put such an absurd idea into your head?"

\* \* \*

"I enjoy a quiet smoke," said a man to a fellow-passenger in a railway train.

"Well," said the stranger, "you will never be troubled with crowds while you smoke cigars of that brand."

\* \* \*

Canny Scot (just rescued from drowning): "Thank 'ee, mon, than 'ee. Gie me your name and Ah'll remember ye in my will."

Impenitent Rescuer: "Wat about cuttin' me off with a shillin' now, guv'nor?"

\* \* \*

Pat went to a druggist to get an empty bottle. Selecting one that answered his purpose, he asked: "How much?"

"Well," said the clerk, "if you want the empty bottle it'll be five cents, but if you want something put in it, we won't charge anything for the bottle."

"Sure, that's fair enough," observed Pat. "Put in a cork."—*Top*.

## A Shopping Tour in Spanish Sunshine

*Continued from page 320*

In a most astonishing manner at once peace descended upon the courtyard, and while still the center of attention, I was seemingly transformed from, at the least, a person of questionable motives to an honored guest. There was a concerted movement to assist me, everyone fell over themselves in an effort to help the "*bella Señorita*." With a flourish, one gathered up a greasy brown paper, which was instantly snatched by another, who tenderly wrapped and handed me the bells, and forthwith I was dizzily escorted to the street in high style amid "*buenos*" and "*gracias*."

Down the street I again wended my way wearily mopping my brow and inwardly vowing to hereafter confine my purchases to articles in stores plainly marked with a price tag.

## Movie Fan Phalanx Girdling the Globe

*Continued from page 303*

ment yet devised by man, the motion-picture has leaped into a power and influence second only to the tenets of the Christ, in knitting nations and peoples into a human-family circle as wide as the circumference of the earth. It is dispelling age-old distrusts. It is causing the misunderstandings and suspicions of centuries to melt away like mist before the sun.

## Cherry Blossom Kingdom Across the Pacific

*Continued from page 319*

trance gateway to a Shinto temple,—a Torii—the graceful curves of its two upper crossbars is silhouetted against a pale blue horizon.

A Japanese house, of the middle class. The walls are panelled, with glazed, semi-transparent paper which admits light. The wood is unpainted, showing the graceful, natural grains and the mellow color of it. The mat covering the floor space is freshly harvested rush, still retaining the aroma of the fields. The picture on the wall is simple, highly artistic, is subdued in coloring. It depicts flowers, or some Nature scene.

A little group of Japanese girls is playing cards. Their kimonos have long graceful sleeves that move in the breeze which blows through the room,—like butterflies on the wing. The designs of the kimonos are invariably flowers or natural scenes,—mountains, running rivulets, autumn leaves or flying birds. Let us look at the cards the girls are playing with.

It is interesting to notice what the Japanese have done with the playing cards of the west. They have changed the symbols from clubs, diamonds, hearts and spades, into flowers. There are forty-eight cards, divided into twelve suits of four cards each. Each suit is named for the calendar month, and has for its symbol the flower of that



## 1800 conversations at once through a cable less than 3 inches thick

*An Advertisement of the  
American Telephone and Telegraph Company*



THE earth beneath our great cities is crowded. Steam, gas, sewer and water-mains, compressed air pipes, pneumatic tube systems, telephone and telegraph cables, light, power and rapid transit conduits lie so close together that any further additions create serious engineering problems. Yet the number of telephone calls that must flash through the underground arteries of great cities is steadily increasing.

The challenge to the scientific minds of the Bell System was to find a way for more conversations in existing conduits. Fifteen years ago, the pride of the System was a cable containing nine hundred pairs of wires. Then by many improvements a cable of twelve hundred pairs was perfected.

month—January, for instance, is pine: February, plum blossom; March, cherry blossom; April, peony; May, wistaria; June, iris; July, bush-clover; August, moon; September, chrysanthemum; October, maple leaves; November, willows; and December, paulownia. The Paulownia of December stands for the king, but in Japanese playing cards, there is none that stands for the queen.

The maidens laugh gaily, and stop their game when they show their cards to us. We thank them, and go. Outside the wistaria is in full, fresh blossoming.

A wide vista of beautiful coast line. The sun is lifting itself above the horizon. It is just at the dawn.

It was rightly considered a scientific triumph.

Today, cables containing eighteen hundred pairs of wires are in service, and these cables with every wire insulated are only two and five-eighths inches in diameter, one-half as large as the first nine hundred-pair cable. Eighteen hundred conversations at once—six hundred more than before—can now pulse through this two and five-eighths inches of cable.

There is no standing still in the Bell System. Better and better telephone service at the lowest cost is the goal. Present improvements constantly going into effect are but the foundation for the greater service of the future.

Well out from the rocky shore a fishing boat rocks gently in the ocean swell. At the bow of it, stands a Japanese youth, naked. In the level rays of the rising sun, his muscular body gleams like bronze. He claps his hands in salutation to the Lord of the Day, and aloud, gives this greeting:

"Hail to Thee this day, August One."

The words are no sooner out of his mouth, when his attention is drawn to the heavens above him, for whence comes a deep droning sound. It is a sea-plane—a Vickers-Viking hydroplane, to be exact, with a 450 H.P. Napier-Lyons engine.

The young, naked, bronze-statue-like Japanese fisherman watches it with interest—not astonishment. He knows all about it.

## Glorious Gay Days in Guatemala

*Continued from page 302*

American business equipment. Three young Americans, members of the Department of Commerce, were right on the job keeping the typewriters busy. Fifteen or twenty visitors entered the office within a short time, and everyone had business to transact without ceremony or formalities. Facts, figures and information were on tap from the card index. These young men seemed to know about every individual doing business in Guatemala. They have gone right into the field and become acquainted. The results already have far surpassed all estimates, as this Department is credited with crystallizing \$100,000 worth of new business for United States concerns in a fair and legitimate manner that is already well known to business men all over the country. Working together with the Legation and Consulate, the Commercial Attaché has established a triple A.A.A. credit of good will with the people of Guatemala, as well as with the commercial and governmental interests. It has proven a new point of contact, characteristic of American methods, in the efforts made here by representatives of all nations to obtain a share of the Guatemalan market.

The lure of the climate will result in some travelers lingering longer than the thirty-day touring limit, with the same fascinations that attracted the Spanish conquerors. Compared with a trip to the Mediterranean or the Caribbean Sea far surpasses all the vaunted charms of the Aegean Sea as a winter cruising playground. Many excursionists are men of wealth who are retired, who still retain the lifelong habit of observing opportunities for investment. This will naturally lead to excursions of American money to Central America.

At the present time there is virtually no tax on lands in Guatemala. Government revenue is largely raised by export duties on coffee and other native products. The import duties make a modest Ford worth fifteen hundred dollars, F. O. B. Guatemala, which when operated with fifty cent gasoline, is all "dressed up with no place to go", for the highways are few and far between. Expensive automobiles have the advantage because the duty is based on weight, which gives Guatemala City a larger proportion of high-priced cars in comparison with the total number than any city in the United States. While the building of railroads is vitally essential, highways are badly needed to get products to the railroads to be sold at a profit.

## Heart Throbs of Famous People

*Continued from page 298*

to be sought by others. Many changes may come to the shadow world of entertainment but the virile, stirring picturesque characterizations of Eugene O'Brien hold their place.

"I think the most inspiring and satisfying poem to me," said the actor, "is probably Kipling's 'If.' And in that appreciation he joins a vast company of men and women who

find in the lines what might be termed "multum in parvo"—the creed of a high life succinctly expressed. It might be supposed that often a motion picture actor would find it hard to follow Kipling's standard and to keep his head when all about him were losing theirs.

"If" is another poem that suffers no diminution of beauty or power when often repeated for to hear the lines is like gazing once more on the beauties of a great mountain or a glorious sunset.

## Face to Face with Presidents

*Continued from page 300*

spread like wild fire through the Union Army and the people of the North, marking one of the greatest victories of General Grant.

In a roll call of the contemporaries of President Grant I find U. S. Senator Francis E. Warren of Wyoming the only surviving Union Soldier in the Senate and Mayor Stedman of North Carolina the last surviving Confederate soldier in the Congress of the United States. In Grant's day a large number of the members of the senate and the house had worn either the blue or gray in the great fratricidal struggle known as the Civil War.

A reminiscence of the days of the Grant Administration would be incomplete without a glimpse of the average home life of the period. The parlors with the old horse-hair furniture, the square piano or melodeon, the marbletop centre table with the plush photograph album in the place of honor to entertain the casual guest, the what-not in the corner, the steel engravings on the wall, and the motto "God Bless our Home" embroidered in colored yarn in a gilt frame, over the door. We older ones can still see the picture of the family gathered around in the old parlor, while sister, just sixteen, leads off in singing a popular song of the day, "Listen to the Mocking Bird," which gave the boys a chance to whistle, mimicking the birds—and cover up sister's bum notes:

*(Orchestra and quartet)*

*"Listen to the Mocking Bird"*

(with imitation of bird singing.) Then Grandmother had her innings at the melodeon, playing the accompaniment, while they sang one of the old Civil War songs—with Uncle David, the bugler's son, who fell at Corinth.

*(Solo and Quartet)—"Vacant Chair"*

As if by contrast a bass voice bursts into song, relieving the tension of tender memories:

*"Shoo Fly, don't bother me"*

This was the year when I celebrated the outstanding Fourth of July of my life—for I was able to tell everybody at Ike James' Drug Store about seeing the Centennial Exposition and shaking hands with General Grant! Altogether, it was the most universally celebrated Fourth of July that has ever been known in the United States. Every city, town, village and hamlet from

Maine to Mexico, from coast to coast, had its special Centennial celebration, with orations, picnics, processions, and public games, to honor the lusty spirit of the new Republic, as the Declaration of Independence was recited in ponderous tones by ambitious politicians.

From old Independence Hall in Philadelphia old Liberty Bell sounded again and rang out with a new proclamation of Liberty, announcing the glory of the Republic founded one hundred years before. Eminent officials of the United States gathered again within the walls of the historic structure, where the representatives of the thirteen colonies had signed the Declaration of Independence on that sweltering hot Fourth of July—a day that has since become memorable in human history. Statesmen and diplomats from all parts of the world were present to help celebrate this epochal birthday anniversary of the United States of America. The ceremonies had begun on the night of the third, with grand torchlight parades, cannon and huge anvils loaded with giant powder, waiting for the dawn to announce the date dear to the hearts of all Americans. Rockets and pyrotechnic displays flashed in the heavens, as the curtains of night gathered, marking the close of a perfect day for all Americans, young and old, rich and poor for not one living, breathing human could have escaped the thrill of that epochal hundredth Fourth of July, 1876.

Tired, but happy, the family gathered, after the fireworks, in the darkness in the old porch, so that each one could tell all about what had happened on the Fourth. Little Billy had his last firecracker and was rubbing his sleepy eyes, when someone suggested singing the new songs that had pleased Grandmother so much. Mother and daughter, father and son, joined in a double duet, which evolved into a quartet, as youth and age expressed a tender sentiment that has endured on through the years.

*"Silver Threads among the Gold"*

After the lull, the opening strains of *Grandfather's Clock* was played by Mother inside. One by one all joined in the song, as the old clock in the hall ticked the hour. Again the refrain is repeated, anticipating the chorus of "Goodnights."

*(Music Quartet)*

Ninety years without slumbering,  
Tick, tock, tick,  
Ninety years without numbering,  
Tick, tock, tick.

(The clock continues to tick slower and slower until it finally stops.)

## Following the Footsteps of Father Abraham

*Continued from page 322*

dance halls were going full blast, with the familiar "Hoochy Koochy" arias of the jazz from the Streets of Cairo. Pushing through the teeming mass of people scurrying along in the dark shadows of the buildings, Jeff dashed up to the door of the old hotel with a hearty hello! honk! honk! How good it seemed to even climb three flights to the entrance of that hotel, Grand Victoria—a

*Continued on page 328*

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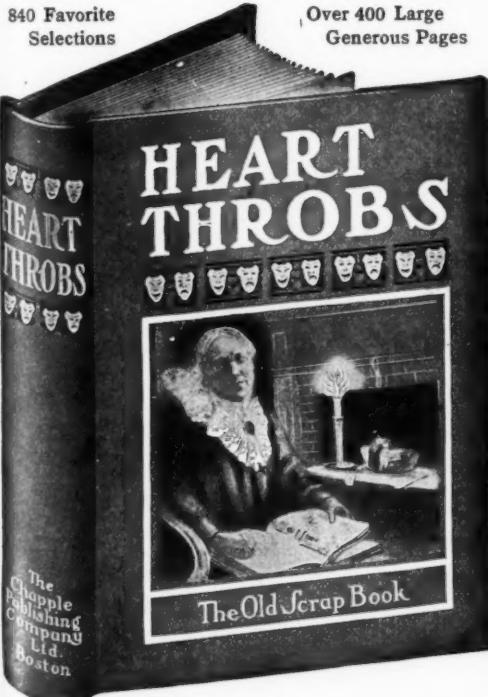
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## Following the Footsteps of Father Abraham *Continued from page 326*

haven of rest—and find there a clean room.

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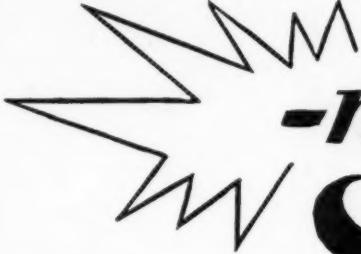
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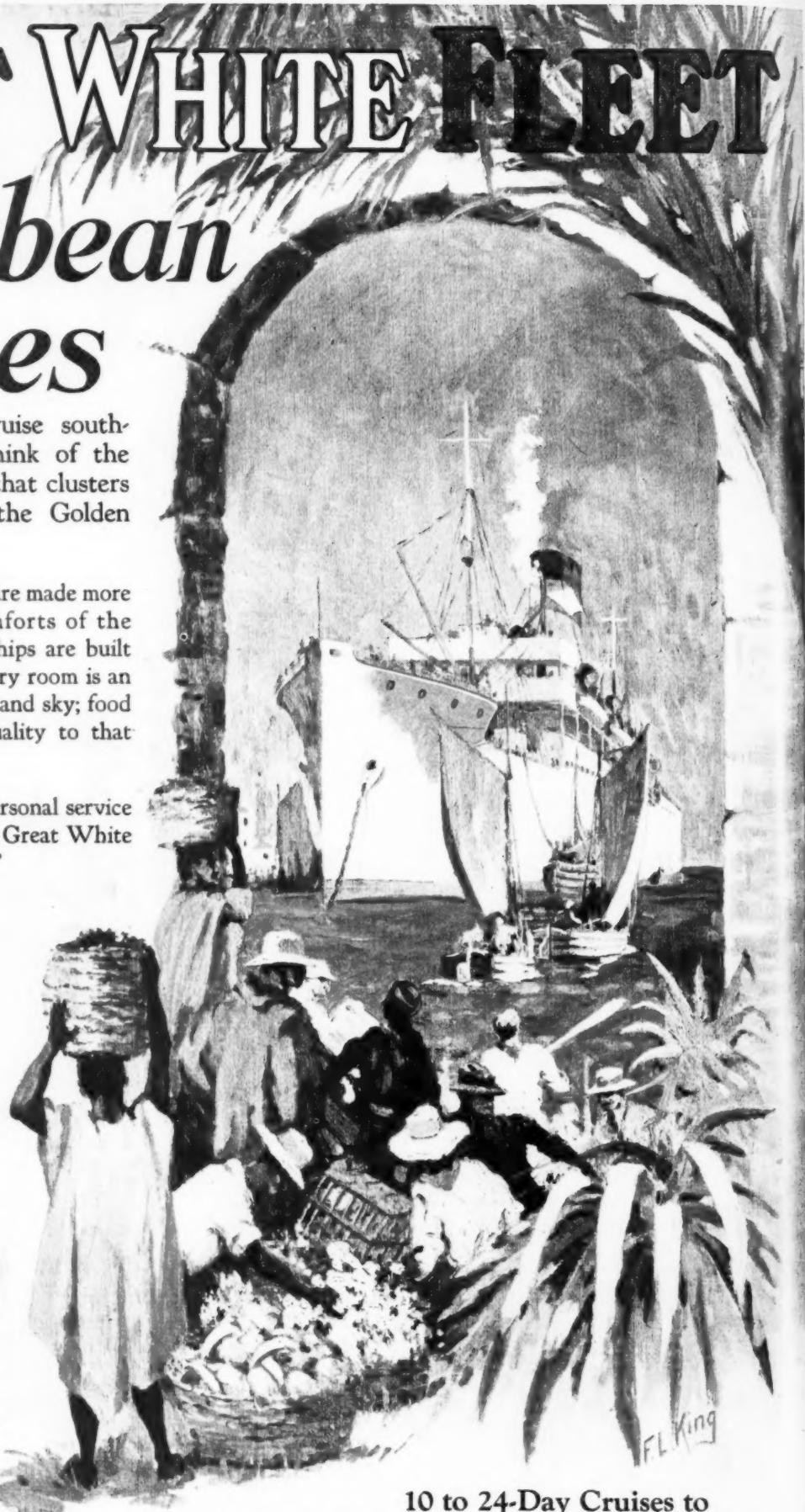
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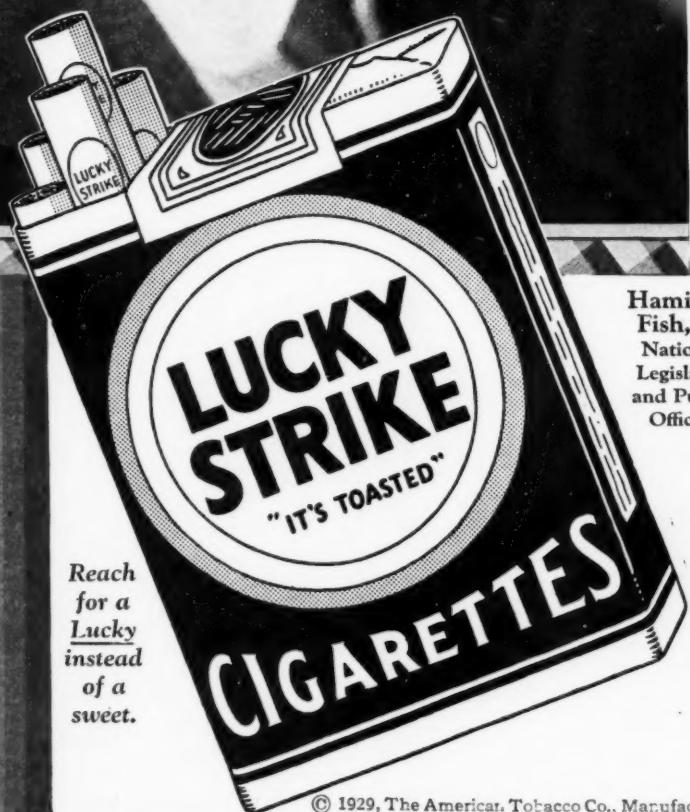
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*Mostly about People*



Vol. LVII

JUNE, 1929

New Series No. 10

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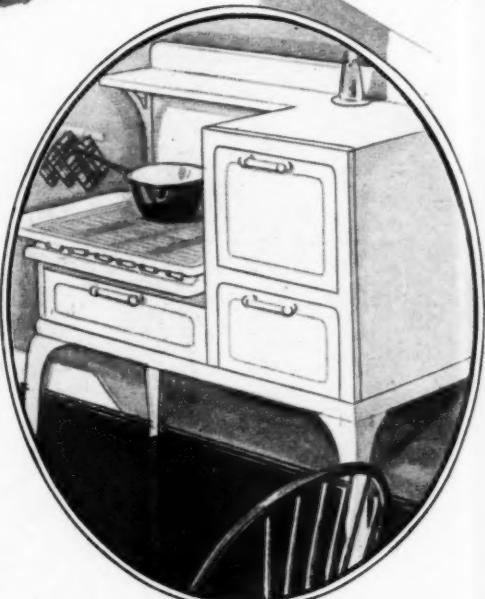
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Your investment in kitchen beauty will be a *lasting* one if you look for the ARMCO TRIANGLE when you buy. ARMCO Ingot Iron has played a big part in making possible the beautiful porcelain-enamel products of today. No other metal takes and *holds* a porcelain-enamel covering like ARMCO Ingot Iron. The manufacturers who put the famous ARMCO TRIANGLE on their products are offering you the best



*An extra table saves so many steps. And if it has a porcelain-enamel top you will never have to recover or repaint it.*

*Cooking utensils like these add gay touches of color, are so easy to keep clean, and never absorb cooking odors or flavors.*



*Ranges finished in porcelain-enamel are easy to keep spic and span. Of course, they will wear better if the porcelain finish is over an ARMCO Ingot Iron base.*

material-value that money can buy.

It will also pay you to insist on ARMCO Ingot Iron for rust resistance. This iron is so *pure* that it outlasts steel and other irons by long years of service.

**THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY**

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*Export—The Armco International Corp.*

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